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WRITING FOR CHILDREN

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The World of King Slickey

It has been a red-letter week for the Royalist International. For three days, the British Royal Family has forgone its gymkhanas and night-clubs to perform its statutory and symbolic role of representing the nation. The gold plate has been taken out of the safe, arthritic joints thrust into rusty knee-breeches, Richard Dimbleby alerted. London traffic has been brought to a standstill, clichés have thudded heavily on to the banqueting tables, the placemen have turned out in force for the free meals, and an antique bracket-clock and the insignia of an Air Chief Marshal have been presented.

The object of this ostentatious vulgarity is one Shahanshah ('King of Kings') Pahlavi, the son of a military adventurer who, 34 years ago, elbowed his way to the throne of Persia. In 1953, fearing rough treatment at the hands of his subjects, he scuttled out of Teheran and was later reimposed following a military *coup* arranged by the State Department. He now rules nearly 20 million people, thanks to a large army, the most efficient secret police force in the Middle East and a team of FBI 'advisers'. Despite vast and growing oil royalties, Persia has—on its own admission—a 60 per cent. illiteracy rate. It has dire poverty and oppressed minorities. The press is gagged. The only mass political party, the Tudeh, is banned, many of its leaders dead or in prison. The main interest of the King of Kings, who has won a spuriously 'progressive' reputation by giving away some of his less lucrative estates, is money: characteristically, on his way to London, he stopped off in Switzerland to check up on his safe-deposits.

Doubtless the Queen takes no pleasure in hob-nobbing with this unsavoury potentate; as a good civil servant, she is merely doing her duty. It is the system which imposes the duty that is at fault. A nation, of course, cannot always choose its allies; it may sometimes be necessary to form ties with a government whose principles evoke horror. If so, the arrangement should be kept to essentials. It is both hypocritical and corrupting to attempt, as in this case, to place it on the basis of mutual friendship and esteem. The Queen symbolises the British people. How many millions in Asia and Africa—whose friendship we really need—will conclude from accounts of these junketings that our nation as a whole endorses a system which to them stands for all that they hate and are determined to end?

Until the present century, the Royalist International had at least the merit of sincerity. The monarchs who banded together for self-protection were relatives, often friends. Their postures were underwritten by human loyalty. Today the tarnished phrases of welcome conceal only cynicism. In 1956, King Feisal came on a similar visit. Two years later, when he was murdered, royal solidarity meant nothing. When his pathetic obsequies were celebrated at the Savoy Chapel, the Queen was unable to attend, sending the Duke of Gloucester instead. How many of the courtiers will weep if the King of Kings meets the same fate?

Unfortunately, the humourless farce of the State Visit is only one example of the moral ambiguities on which the 'Free World' rests. The charter of the North Atlantic community claims that the object of Nato is to protect our common heritage 'founded on the principles of democracy'. Where, in this heritage, does Salazar's Portugal find its place? Some of Britain's most honourable regiments, led by the band of the Royal Marines, are soon to pay a solemn visit to Lisbon. Will it play outside the political prisons? And will it render the strains of the new Nato Hymn, which invokes the aid of the Almighty to preserve the free? Already influential persons are at work to secure the admission of General Franco to the sacred fold. How long will it be before the hero of Guernica treads the state carpets of Buckingham Palace?

Dulles saw the Cold War as a trial of strength between Good and Evil. The Communist leaders, too, defend their quest for weapons of absolute destruction with moral imperatives. The truth is that there are too many Pharisees on both sides of the Iron Curtain: the Cold War is primarily a conflict of rival hypocrisies. Perhaps Britain's best contribution to ending it would be an occasional outburst of honesty. And why not begin in the Palace?

Comments on the Week's News

The Puzzle Conference

The foreign ministers assemble at Geneva on Monday for what ought to be – and perhaps will be – the most important meeting since the Summit conference of 1955. Upon their success depends whether the Summit conference of 1959 will ever take place. The trouble is that nobody knows what they are supposed to do. Originally the US, unable to muster adequate representation at the top level, laid down the condition that, before a Summit conference could take place, agreement on all points of substance must be reached at the foreign ministers level, so that the heads of government would meet only to ratify what their subordinates had already settled. The Russian answer to that was 'No: Summit or nothing'. Since then both sides have shifted their ground, and Mr Macmillan must take a good deal of the credit for persuading them to do so. Mr Gromyko is now going to Geneva with good grace to play his part in reaching 'agreement' on the agenda for the Summit; while President Eisenhower affirmed this Tuesday that a Summit meeting was 'a foregone conclusion if the foreign ministers' meeting gave increased hope of lessening world tension'. He could hardly say fairer than that; but at no stage has there been any clear definition of what kind of progress in the next few weeks would justify that hope. Mr Macmillan believes, and has half-persuaded the Americans, that for the first time since the war the Russians are ready to make genuine concessions on big issues in the process of bargaining. That is how he has induced the US to accept a Summit, even with Eisenhower and without Dulles. He has, moreover, succeeded in getting some of his own proposals for relieving tension in Europe incorporated (or hidden) in the western 'package' plan. But the package, as it stands, is palpably unacceptable to the Russians, however accommodating their mood. It is to be hoped, then, that Mr Gromyko's deportment at Geneva will justify the optimism of Mr Macmillan's 'go-between' diplomacy. But it is unreasonable to expect him to show his best face unless he on his side sees some prospect of striking a bargain; and it is thus equally to be hoped that the West is also in the mood to negotiate and not merely – as Adenauer and de Gaulle would prefer – to embark on the futile exercise of probing a supposed Russian weakness by a take-it-or-leave-it attitude.

What Goes On in Iraq?

Baghdad Pact policy towards Iraq was the first item on the agenda for the Shah's discussions in London this week; it was also the subject of talks he held with King Hussein in Teheran last Friday. The fact is the Baghdad Pact powers are no more able than the Foreign Office to make up their mind about General Kassem, and the extent to which the Communists control Iraqi policy. The Persians and the Jordanians take a pessimistic view (Hussein, indeed, may be planning a rapprochement with Cairo, as his change of premier suggests); the Turks, who have been bitterly anti-UAR since the frontier incidents with the Syrian province last year, still regard Nasser as 'the enemy'. The Foreign Office policy of wait-and-see – the consequence of sharp, and increasingly acrimonious, dissensions within the department – for once seems understandable. Those who believe Iraq is already effectively Communist were baffled by the events of last weekend. Following a carefully orchestrated campaign in the Communist press, demanding the admission of Communist ministers into the government, they took it for granted that Kassem would announce the Cabinet changes on May Day. He not only failed to do this: he publicly snubbed the same newspapers for demanding the execution of Iraqi officers and politicians sentenced to death for 'war crimes'. Partisans of Kassem have acclaimed this as proof of his political 'neutrality'; others argue that Moscow is unwilling to make a forward move in Iraq until the Summit is a *fait accompli;* a third explanation, being canvassed in Kuwait, is that a serious split is developing within the Iraqi Communist Party, between the 'Stalinist' wing, who were mainly in exile until last July, and a Nationalist (or Titoist) wing, composed of those who formed the underground during the Nuri terror. A key to the mystery may be the presence in Moscow of Mr Chadarchi, head of the National Democrats. It was originally announced that he had gone to Russia for medical treatment. Official Soviet sources now say his motive is 'to familiarise himself with various aspects of the life of the Soviet Union'. The National Democrats have so far failed to support the Communist demand for participation in the government; and it may be that Moscow has decided to postpone the next stage in the takeover until they can be induced to change their mind.

Federation of All Africa?

The significance of the Ghana-Guinea appeal for a union of African states lies rather in its new perspective than in any immediate practical results. It may be said that the new union shows little sign of developing a constitutional form, and that a federation of all African states would raise even greater difficulties. To the Africans, however, the new proposal appears in a different light. It offers them a fresh horizon towards which much of Africa's aspirations will henceforward be directed. No longer will the European powers be able to tell the Nyasas or the Basutos or the Gambians, or any of the French, Belgian or Portuguese colonials, that their countries are unviable, and that therefore they are incapable of self-government. The answer will now come: 'We can join the African Union'. Dr Nkrumah and Mr Touré would be the last to minimise the practical difficulties. It would be interesting, also, to know how the Nigerian leaders will take this new bid of Dr Nkrumah for continental leadership: the time may even come when the people of some territories will suspect that African imperialism is replacing the European model. Yet a new idea has been born which will give all Africans fresh self-confidence and deeply influence the development of free territories in the continent.

New Cunarders

If Britain wishes to maintain a weekly 'prestige' service on the Atlantic run, then the government must find £40m. as a subsidy to the Cunard company. That is the short point of the proposals which Cunard will make to the Minister of Transport next month, when the company puts forward its plans for building two successors to the Queens. But prestige alone is not a good enough reason for so large a subsidy, especially in a period in which more passengers cross the Atlantic by air than by sea. There are two grounds on which such a grant of public money to a private firm might reasonably be justified. The first is strategic. The Queens were invaluable in wartime, and the government may well feel that even in the nuclear age there is a case for having two ships of this troop-carrying potential. The second reason is a matter of technical advance. The construction of such large ships is in effect a co-operative venture on the part of many firms in the metal and supply industries, and it sets new problems for them. In solving those problems, they raise the technical standards of the economy – and, incidentally, provide a good deal of employment, not only in the shipyard areas. For instance, had Cunard proposed to fit nuclear engines to at least one of the new liners, the 'development value' of the project might be a very strong argument for a subsidy. If, however, the Chiefs of Staff do not want new ships of this size, and if the Cunard company has technical objections to nuclear engines, the case for a subsidy is that much weaker. It is not enough to argue that replacement cost has risen, and that taxation has stopped Cunard accumulating enough money to pay for the new ships. That argument applies to a large part of our merchant navy – now rapidly being overtaken by the Liberian and Panamanian flags – and it raises very difficult questions that are not peculiar to the Cunard company. Before the government follows the American precedent of subsidising uneconomic ships on the Atlantic run – and, one must remember, it has objected strongly to 'uneconomic' rents for council houses – it should carefully consider what kind of ships Britain really needs on this service, and what the future market for them is likely to be. The public interest is just as important as the future earnings of Cunard shareholders.

The Next Conurbation

Another oil refinery is needed to serve markets in the south and the Midlands: large tankers require deep-water channels and good berthing facilities. Only on Southampton Water and at Milford Haven can these requirements be met. Where, then, should Caltex, or any other company, build the next refinery? This is the economic and planning question the government must quickly answer. Caltex have for the time being withdrawn their violently opposed application to build a refinery on the 1,000-acre site, over half of which they own, at Warsash on Southampton Water. What local support there is for the project comes from the trade unions, who want the extra jobs in this area of comparatively high unemployment. But only 400 jobs would be provided, though normal industrial development of a thousand-acre site would bring 5,000 to 10,000. The right way to meet local employment needs is to attract some of London's surplus manufacturing industries, which would use much less land in the process of providing jobs. On the other hand, an oil refinery could well be an irresistible magnet to subsidiary petro-chemical industrial development of great size. The site is within the Hampshire County Council's proposed coastal green belt, which is to be the subject of a public inquiry in June. The purpose of the green belt is to preserve Hampshire's few unspoiled stretches of coast and to contain the spread of Portsmouth and Southampton. Both cities have opposed the green-belt proposals, and Caltex has also lodged an objection. Thus the Minister of Housing has to face the many-sided problem of determining the limits of the coastal green belt, the policies for re-housing the overspill of Portsmouth and Southampton, and the location of the next giant oil refinery. Milford Haven or Southampton-Portsmouth? Which is to be the 20th-century Tyneside?

The Printing Dispute

The printing unions have now concluded their ballot, and it seems that a four-to-one majority has voted for the suggestion of 'staggered' pressure on the employers, with strike action as a last resort. This does not necessarily mean that any of the proposed sanctions – such as a ban on overtime, or restrictions on apprenticeship – will be put into effect immediately. The unions wish to make another effort to 'negotiate' with the employers, and there may in any case be some delay until after the conference of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation at the end of next week. Mr Eastwood, the secretary of the PKTF, writes in our correspondence columns this week that 'negotiations have never started. The employers refuse to sit around the conference table to try to find what progress can be made towards a mutually satisfactory settlement'. On Wednesday the unions asked the Master Printers to meet them on Friday – a step taken after the employers had said they were willing to talk 'in an atmosphere of peace'. This is a hopeful development, for it at least brings both sides to the conference table in a new situation. But neither negotiation nor arbitration is likely to be much use unless a counter-offer of some kind is made from the employers' side. The deadlock has arisen precisely because the Master Printers have so far refused to consider any claim at all, and have therefore not yet produced any proposition which could either go to arbitration or form the basis of serious negotiation.

Organising the Social Services

Miss Eileen Younghusband's working party on Social Workers in the Local Authority and Welfare Services has found those services staffed largely by people who are underpaid, too old, and lacking any qualification other than practical experience. The report presents this picture at a time when, whatever their condition, these too-numerous and unco-ordinated services seem about to receive an increase of case-work which would strain resources of treble their strength, particularly in the field of mental health. The proposed national recruiting campaign for social workers, and the recommendation that they be given at last a recognised status, a national training council, and a staff college are rightly made conditional upon the working out of an up-to-date and comprehensive training programme. It would, of course, be unfortunate if the present staffs were now thought to have been pilloried as a scattered force of Bumbles and Sarah Gamps. They have laid the foundations of a system which no mere paper plan could have called into being; and the fast-disappearing 'relieving officers', for example, will be difficult to replace. But recent and imminent changes in welfare needs have made the problem of rationalisation an urgent one, and the Younghusband report is a thorough and forthright document, without being in any instance impracticable.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

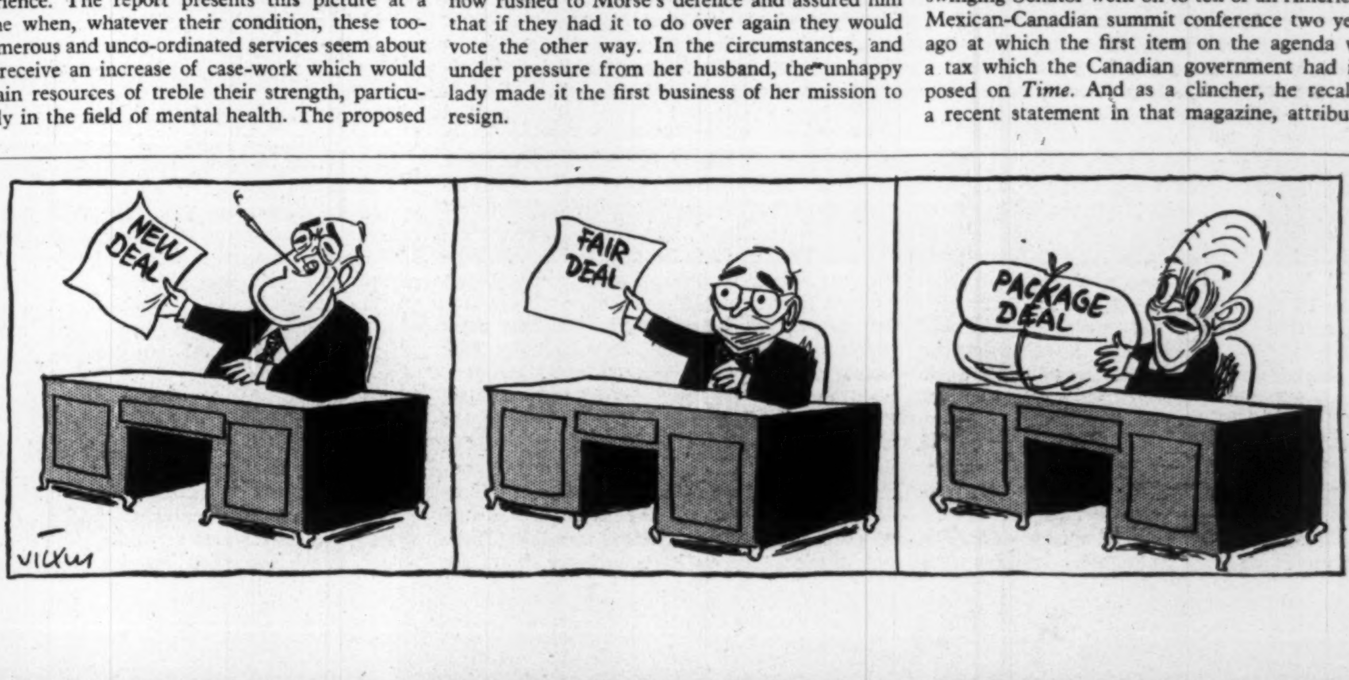
No Envoy She

Of the two championship fights of the week, the Patterson-London affair had far less to recommend it than the bout between Clare Boothe Luce and Senator Wayne Morse. Patterson merely knocked out the English heavyweight in a routine and predictable boxing match, whereas Luce, after winning on points, took a bow and then knocked herself clear out of a diplomatic career. In a severe three-and-a-half-hour attack on the Senate floor, Morse had quoted numerous specimens of the lady's caustic comment and intemperate speech in an effort to persuade his colleagues not to confirm her appointment as ambassador to Brazil. But when the vote was taken, 79 Senators out of the 90 voting appeared to think that the publisher's wife had mellowed with the years and acquired the delicacy of feeling expected of all envoys save those engaged in dealings between East and West. Whereupon Mrs Luce thanked them and then added, as a diplomatic afterthought: 'My difficulties, of course, go some years back and began when Senator Wayne Morse was kicked in the head by a horse'.

It is perfectly proper for Senators to say things like that, or put up others to say them, in the course of an election campaign, and, in fact, this self-same story was buzzed all over Oregon when Morse last ran for re-election. But for the ambassador to Brazil to repeat it about the man who chairs the Senate's sub-committee on Latin-American affairs argues a certain want of tact. It not only supported Morse's charge of 'emotional instability' but affronted the dignity of the Senate, which can on occasion be more touchy than the French Academy. In any event a number of Senators who had voted to confirm now rushed to Morse's defence and assured him that if they had it to do over again they would vote the other way. In the circumstances, and under pressure from her husband, the unhappy lady made it the first business of her mission to resign.

Much, but by no means all, of Morse's case against Mrs Luce rested on her fondness for vitriol. He recalled that she had attacked Roosevelt in wartime as 'the only American President who ever lied us into a war'; that she had described Truman as the candidate of city bosses 'who are ready to stuff a ballot box or steal an election before you can say Missouri'; and that she had damned Secretary of State Acheson and his 'cabal of fellow travellers' as the idols of those who would ride 'the Bolshevik wave of the future'. All pretty heady stuff, to be sure, but as Senator Mansfield, the Democratic whip, tolerantly pointed out, that was long ago. And with a monumental ineptitude that tickled the galleries, Senator Dirksen, her gallant knight, endeavoured to make the same point. 'Why thrash old hay', he asked, 'or beat an old bag of political bones?' It was not the old hay, however, that most interested Morse, but rather the fresh hay that he suspected might be made out of the appointment by Henry Luce, publisher of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

The links between the Eisenhower Administration and the Luce organisation are hardly underground. As Morse pointed out, top writers and editors shuttle back and forth between the magazines and the White House, where they serve as speech writers, aides, and advisers. It was a Luce man who ghosted Eisenhower's famous I-will-go-to-Korea speech in the autumn of 1952 and it was in *Life* that the policy of brinkmanship was first enunciated, in an article which was signed by Dulles, but for which Luce publicly took responsibility. Morse went to some lengths to show the identity between Administration policy and Luce policy on China – the Luces are close to Madam Chiang Kai-shek – and on Italy, where Mrs Luce, as ambassador, got herself somewhat involved in domestic politics. The free-swinging Senator went on to tell of an American-Mexican-Canadian summit conference two years ago at which the first item on the agenda was a tax which the Canadian government had imposed on *Time*. And as a clincher, he recalled a recent statement in that magazine, attributed



to an unnamed State Department official, that the only hope for Bolivia was to be carved up among its neighbours, including Brazil. The appointment of Mrs Luce, he suggested, 'would confirm in the minds of many Latin Americans' the already deep suspicion that *Time* 'was speaking for more than itself' when it dropped that little bombshell. In view of the Bolivians' riotous reaction to the article, it is probable that the sorrow that has come to Rockefeller Center is the joy of La Paz.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Two Kinds of Left

Our Paris Correspondent writes: General de Gaulle's statement to M. Pierre Laffont, publisher of *L'Echo d'Oran*, has at least one merit: it has reminded the French – above all those on the left – that remarks made in private have little significance in public life. A politician, particularly when he is in power, cannot be judged by what he says during a dinner party: the only thing that matters is what he says in public, for the record. Because they forgot this elementary truth, the so-called 'left-wing Gaullists' have been placed in a ridiculous position by the *L'Echo d'Oran* interview. During the last few weeks, a number of them have regaled opposition journalists with stories about the 'progressive' ideas of de Gaulle which have emerged in private conversation with him. According to these, the General has no illusions about 'integration', he is anxious to smash 'the men of 13 May' in order to clear the way for a negotiated peace in Algeria, he is opposed to sterile anti-Communism and would welcome the creation of a vast left-wing coalition to act as a check on the UNR. Inspired by these confidences, Messrs Louis Vallon, Gilbert Grandval, Colonel Barberot and others of the same ilk have even created a new party, the Union Démocratique du Travail, and M. François Mauriac issued a pathetic appeal to his readers to join it.

Unfortunately for Mauriac, his article appeared the same day as the de Gaulle interview. And here is what the General had to say – in public – on the subject of 'integration': 'I have not used this word, because people have tried to thrust it on me. But what have I done since I came to power? Is it not integration?' Similarly, de Gaulle pointed out that he believed that 'Algeria is French' – though he was not going to repeat it every day. As for his measures of clemency towards Algerian prisoners – on the basis of which the leftish Gaullists have built a superstructure of political conclusions – the General treated them as a purely technical matter, from which no inferences should be drawn. Hence it is not surprising that, apart from a few grumbles among the *ultras*, de Gaulle's statement was received with 'satisfaction' in Algiers; it has, according to the French press, 'calmed people's spirits and removed the risk of an explosion on the anniversary of 13 May'. But for those who are preoccupied more by the cause of peace in Algeria than by the susceptibilities of the *colons*, the de Gaulle interview makes it abundantly clear that they can no longer count on him for support; while this week's outburst of *colon* extremism in Constantine is more likely to push him further along the road of appeasement than to convince him the time has come for a showdown with the diehards.

Opposition elements may yet succeed in creating a united Left, but it will not be based on the Gaullists, even those who are anti-Soustelle. The congress of Independent Socialists, held last week at Montrouge, was a signpost to a more promising path. Messrs Depreux, Verdier, Mayer, Badiou and their friends, who left the Mollet Socialists seven months ago, have now succeeded in creating a genuine party which, to quote *Le Monde*, is now 'something more than a mere faction'. To be sure, it has only 8,000 'militants'; but Mollet's party, despite its 80,000 members, probably has no more. At Montrouge serious discussions were held on doctrinal questions and the new party's programme. This was something of a change: as M. André Philip rightly remarked, since 1945 the SFIO had lost the habit of holding such discussions. What is more, the presence of M. Mamadou Dia, Premier of Senegal, revealed that the renaissance of French Socialism means something to others besides Frenchmen.

Fleet Street

Sunday Sports

Who shall say that the British are not a literate people – or at any rate semi-literate? As each new Sunday dawns, according to the results of a survey just published by the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, almost the entire adult population gets down to a good read, and it does so with such an appetite that when the total readership of all the Sunday papers is put together it comes to the staggering total of more than 81 million. This excludes those scattered pockets of resistance to the march of progress who live north of the Caledonian Canal – into which wild territory the investigators did not trouble to venture. As the population above the age of 16 who live south of this line of press civilisation totals 37,625,000, it will be seen that most Sabbath readers find one newspaper still insufficient for their needs. Why in these days 16 should be regarded as the age of consent for newspapers is not quite clear: a relic no doubt of a lingering modesty among advertising men that has long since been banished from editorial offices. Of the gross (speaking numerically, of course) readership figure of just over 81,200,000, more than 53,000,000 is accounted for by the massed readership of the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *People* and the *Empire News*. This compares with a combined readership of under 4,400,000 for the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*.

It would seem probable from this report that, despite the *News of the World's* somewhat diminished popularity over recent years, at least 18,000,000 citizens will probably wake up next Sunday with the cheering thought that this is the day when they can tuck into another long instalment of its current top attraction, 'The Confessions of the Messina Girl'. Not that the readers of the *News of the World*, even though there are most of them, necessarily have the best of it. For more than 14,700,000 readers of the *Sunday Pictorial* there is at present 'What You Don't Know About Sex and Love', plus the intimate confessions of Thelma, Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt ('Heiress to Millions – But These Riches Brought Heartbreak'). Plus, of course, should they feel like it, Mr Muggeridge's somewhat more sophisticated comments on life around him. Nor are the readers of the *People*, who now, it appears, number nearly 14,100,000 every Sunday, denied their rights as adult citizens. They have been able to read 'Night Horror in Hong Kong'. This is described as 'facts that should stir Britain's conscience'. You cannot say fairer than that on a Sunday, can you? Nor does the *People* spare its staff when the call goes up to defend morality. 'These vast districts,' reports its investigator, 'cater for every known form of vice – as I know from one night of horror that I spent surveying them.' The *Empire News* (a mere 6,720,000 readers, it is true) is currently exposing the evils of vice nearer home. Specifically 'black magic': 'I warn every one of you that, if at any time one of its disciples sets out to try and contaminate you with its touch, run from it for your life'. No one can say, therefore, that the 16-year-olds and upwards who make up the 53,000,000 readership figure for the four giants are not getting service. They cannot all, despite Sir David Eccles, be reading all these Sunday papers just for the sports pages. At least, not for the sports he had in mind.

Although Sunday is clearly the day when the British take their reading really seriously, IPA readership figures for the national morning newspapers make it clear that few people allow work to interfere overmuch with the national pastime. The average daily readership total for the national newspapers is just short of 50,000,000. It is a poor paper that cannot claim that at least three people read every copy it sells. Of this total, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Express* between them account for just over half – 25,290,000. But *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, I am sorry to report, cannot summon up much more than one in 30. Incidentally, the seven leading women's weekly magazines now have a combined readership of more than 37,260,000. This is an awful lot of women. Indeed, as one looks at these statistics one cannot help wondering how people still manage to find time for really serious things. Like looking at the telly for instance.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

Policy Without Plan

One clear and disturbing fact emerged this week out of what is Britain's most important and most tangled domestic problem. Both the Conservative government and the Labour opposition have policies about the country's power supplies, but neither has a plan to put them into effect. The government's policy, as outlined once again by Mr Reginald Maudling, is to provide cheap power through competition between producers and freedom of choice for consumers. Labour's policy, as outlined by Mr Alfred Robens, is to ensure that for social, financial and strategic reasons, coal shall provide about two-thirds of our fuel and power supply. The difficulties involved in each of these policies became obvious as Monday's debate proceeded and showed why neither side is yet prepared to commit itself to any detail.

Free competition and choice would certainly lead to mass unemployment among Britain's 750,000 miners. Already oil is cheaper than coal; and the additional competition both of atomic power and of methane gas, with which the gas industry is experimenting, may soon be severe. If these developments continue, the drop of 17 million tons – the equivalent of the work of 60,000 miners – in coal consumption this year which Robens foresaw may soon appear trivial. No government, however committed to freedom of competition and choice, would dare to face the logical outcome of such a policy; and this government, until it can think of something else to do, is putting off the evil day by telling the Coal Board to pile more stocks even though the existing level is about 36 million tons. Clearly such a palliative cannot be continued indefinitely, and already the government is under pressure, not only from the opposition but also from some of its supporters, such as Sir Peter Roberts, to declare what level of coal production it wants and to take steps to maintain it at that figure. That suggestion is, of course, incompatible with freedom of competition and choice.

Labour's difficulties, though different, are equally great. If coal production is to be maintained at the 200 million tons suggested by Robens, some consumers will have to be prevented from using cheaper fuels. This would mean endangering their competitive position; and how, anyway, could it be done since Robens specifically rejected such ideas as a tax on fuel oil or a direction to consumers? Further, he denied that Labour was against experiments with cheaper fuels – at which point Maudling quickly asked what was the purpose of experimenting if you did not make use of the results, even if that meant using less coal? Each side, in fact, had an easy time scoring points off the other. At a time when the government was allowing the gas industry to spend money on plant for making gas from oil, 700,000 tons of the best gas-coal in the world was lying unused on Durham stockpiles. This, said Robens, was the economics of the madhouse. Labour argued for the protection of coal because, among other reasons, enormous amounts of capital had been sunk in the industry and should not be wasted. This, suggested Maudling, was like refusing to buy a car because there was lots of work yet in the old horse. But did these quick points bring us nearer to a solution of the power problem?

Britain, like any other nation, especially one dependent on exports, requires the cheapest power it can get, and oil is at the moment undoubtedly cheaper than coal. Further, the fact that we have to import it is not such a serious factor in our balance of payments as might be supposed, since our world-wide stake in the industry makes us a net earner of foreign exchange from oil. Nor is the strategic argument, that supplies might suddenly be cut off, overwhelming, since we are already increasing our storage capacity and are building up large stocks. Yet it is a fact that our world stake may at any time be reduced by nationalisation measures in the producing countries. It is also financially impracticable to acquire stocks for more than a very limited period whereas the interruption of supplies, even in peacetime, could be prolonged. Coal, on the other hand, is here under our feet. It cannot be taken away from us; and, as Robens showed, not all British coal is costly. The present price level has had to be maintained only because in our desperate post-war need for coal, we have had to keep in production 160 uneconomic pits which lose £1 or more on each ton they produce. Finally, Mr William Blyton, who wound up the debate for Labour, pointed out that productivity has now reached a record point; and Maudling agreed that production costs are now going down.

What does all this add up to? That Britain must aim at getting the cheapest possible sources of power, including oil, atomic energy, methane gas or any other source which research can devise; that coal gas can play its part economically in this, provided production is concentrated in the efficient pits; but that it would be a disgrace in social, human and even economic terms to allow the necessary contraction of the industry to take place suddenly and without providing new industries in areas where the pits to be closed are the main or only means of livelihood. It is not enough to leave everything to free competition. It is not enough to dig a protective trench round deep-mined coal. Detailed planning and imagination are also essential.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Afro-Asian Revolution

The most urgent diplomatic task facing the next Labour government will be to bring about a degree of co-operation between the Communist and western camps sufficient at least to halt the arms race. At the moment neither side believes it can afford to pursue its quarrel with the other to the point of all-out war. The problem is to convert this stalemate into a form of active collaboration between the great powers which will provide the essential foundation for building world order through the United Nations.

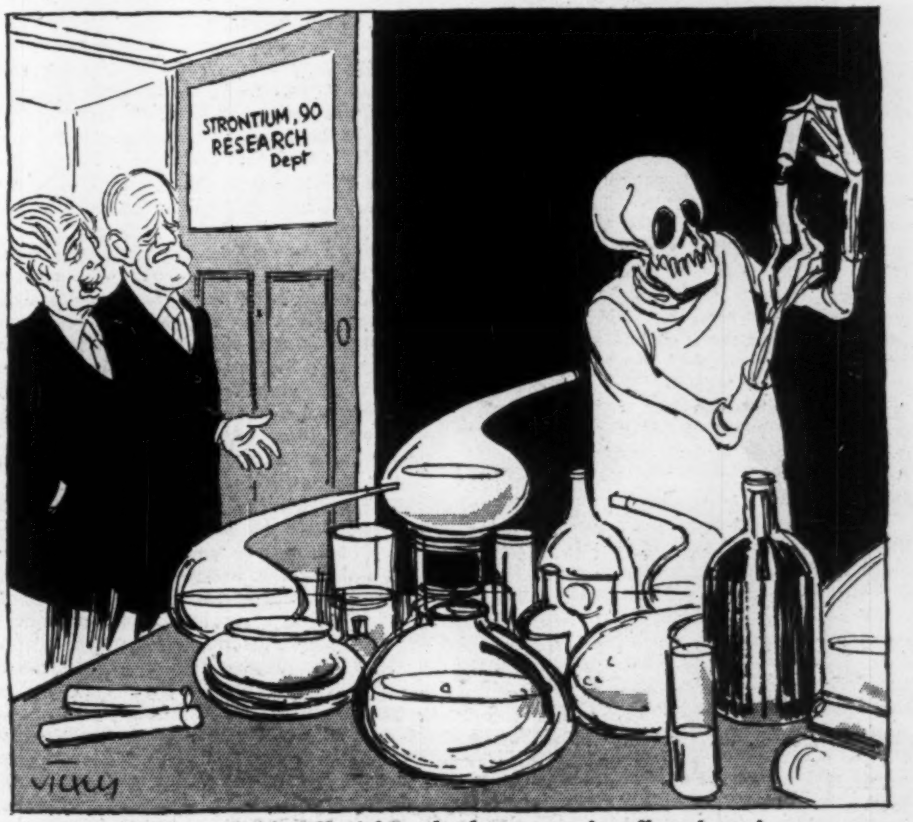
Success in this task, though a precondition of lasting success in any other, depends in turn on creating a degree of stability in the third of the world which is not committed to either of the power-blocs, sufficient to permit its constructive co-operation in the growing world community. It is fashionable to approach the problems of Africa and Asia either in terms of winning support in the Cold War, or in purely moral terms as part of our duty to help the less fortunate. Far too little attention is given to the impact of these problems on the central challenge of the atomic age – to establish some collective control over the use which governments make of their power before the spread of new weapons renders the task hopeless.

It is always comparatively easy to build order among stable and satisfied communities. It is much more difficult to do so in transitional and dissatisfied societies which are in the throes of revolutionary change. The main ground for hope that the conflict between Russia and the West may be settled by agreement is that both America and Russia are fundamentally satisfied powers which can look forward to a long period of social and economic progress without indulging in military adventures. This is far from being true of most of the countries which have won freedom from various forms of imperialist control in the last 12 years.

Most of these are poor in natural resources, with a growing excess of population which makes normal rates of economic growth quite inadequate for their needs. If their needs are not met, they may be tempted to achieve their ends by force of arms; and war in Africa or Asia may drag in the great powers, even if it is not aimed against them in the first place. I do not suggest that any of the existing governments in Africa or Asia is likely to take this path, though there are already warning signs in the Middle East. But none of the existing regimes will last long if it fails to meet its people's needs. The path taken by Japan in the first half of the present century may be a precedent.

The peoples of Afro-Asia are sometimes described as the proletariat of the international community. It is worth while recalling that Marx's prediction of the proletarian revolution in western Europe never came true, because the proletariat were able to use the opportunities offered by the democratic societies in which they lived to ensure that they did not become poorer as the capitalists grew richer. If the proletariat of Afro-Asia are not offered similar opportunities by the international community, they are likely to fulfil the role Marx laid down for them by being driven to violent revolt under the pressure of increasing economic misery.

Russia seems to be taking steps to avoid such an outcome in the case of her great Asian partner. But, despite its vastly superior wealth, the western world is not doing the same for the



'He says it's all right—the bones aren't affected yet.'

underdeveloped countries on its side of the fence. Apart from its failure to provide economic aid and technical assistance on the necessary scale, it is conducting its own economic affairs so as to inflict appalling damage on Afro-Asia. The ten per cent. fall in raw material prices caused by the Atlantic recession in 1957 cost the producing countries more than the total of the western and Soviet economic aid they received over the previous five years. It is often forgotten that imperialism was not only a system of exploitation, but also, like the capitalism from which it sprang, a system for increasing production and exchange, which benefited both sides in the process – though to grossly unequal degrees. The collapse of imperialism leaves a dangerous vacuum in the world economy which can be filled only if both sides co-operate to build a new system of international exchange on a much more equal basis.

Middle East oil is a good example. The end of western political control in the Middle East left western oil companies producing and transporting the oil in conditions established during the imperialist phase. In the extreme case of the Gulf sheikhdoms, Britain is still trying to secure her oil interests through archaic treaties which were originally imposed to protect her sea-route to India against piracy – and which now involve her in dangerous absurdities like military intervention on behalf of the slave-owning Sultan of Muscat against tribal revolts. Both the West and the Arab countries have the most obvious common interest in maximising the production of Middle East oil and its sale in Europe and America – the Communist bloc will soon be exporting oil on a large scale in competition with the Middle East. But by failing to co-operate in establishing a new political framework for the oil traffic, both sides are racing towards economic catastrophe.

This is only the most urgent element in a problem which is world-wide – to construct an international framework for the exchange of goods which will enable the Afro-Asian peoples and the West to maintain a high rate of economic growth. The problem has already been recognised in part by continental Europe, and the Common Market is the result. But the tragedy of such regional approaches to the problem is that they may make a general solution more difficult. For example, if the Common Market succeeds in Europe, then, apart from the damage caused to western countries outside it, it may ruin Ghana and Nyasaland by diverting the demand for their products. The main purpose of the recent Afro-Asian economic conference in Cairo was to discuss the threat of the Common Market. Britain should use the present crisis in its economic relations with the Continent, not to set up a purely European free trade area, but to organise the widest possible economic community including at least those of the Afro-Asian countries which are members of the Commonwealth.

Membership of any economic association along these lines is bound to involve some restrictions on national freedom, and for this reason will be regarded with suspicion in Afro-Asia itself. A dislike of 'entangling alliances' is a natural characteristic of all countries which have just escaped from imperialist control. Indeed it has always surprised me that the Americans, who committed themselves to neutrality by Act of Congress more than a century and a half after achieving independence, have found it so difficult to understand neutralism in Asian states which are only ten years old. Thus any western proposal for a new international economic framework is liable to be seen as 'collective colonialism'. For this reason the political climate created by the West in its relations with Afro-Asia is all-important.

In the first place the western countries must be seen to be liquidating such remnants of imperialism as still survive – no Afro-Asian country can easily afford good relations with France while the Algerian war continues. Where the main obstacle to colonial freedom is the presence of a white minority, the West must clearly throw its weight on the side of the coloured majority. But it is equally important to avoid falling into the old imperialist reflexes in our attitude to the countries which have already obtained their freedom. For example, there is still a general failure in Britain even to try to understand the motives of India's foreign policy, and a tendency to apply standards of conduct to Ghana which we have ceased to apply to France.

One way of persuading Afro-Asia that our attitude has really altered would be to press for a revision of the United Nations Charter to take account of the tremendous changes in the world since it was drafted 15 years ago. The Security Council should be enlarged so as to include India, China, and perhaps Japan as permanent members – at present it appears as a cosy little western club. I do not myself believe that the admission of Communist China will do much in the short run to change China's behaviour – though the long-term importance of breaking down the mental isolation in which the Chinese now live should not be under-estimated. But China's exclusion from the United Nations is seen, even by those Asians who most distrust her intentions, as a symbol of western discrimination.

Another crucial need is to dissociate western policy in Afro-Asia from the taint of the Cold War which infects so much of it at present. It is not simply a question of ceasing to press for Asian adherence to western military alliances. Even much well-intentioned western propaganda for economic aid to Asia is couched in terms of fighting the Communist trade offensive there. Nothing could be more stupid. If the Russians choose to help non-Communist countries to solve their economic problems, we should only applaud – Krushchev's current experiences in the Middle East show that it is no easier to purchase friends with roubles than with dollars.

Even if countries in Africa and Asia turn to Communism because the West has failed to assist their economic take-off, there is no certainty that this will strengthen Russia in world politics – for Russia has already lost her power to control the Asian Communist parties – a fact which we may end by regretting. The real danger of Communist governments in Asia lies not so much in the contribution they may make to the strength of the Soviet bloc as in the fact that a Communist state in the first stages of rapid economic development is a closed society, so rigid in its exclusion of external influences that it makes a very awkward partner in the world community.

For this reason if no other, Britain and the West as a whole have the greatest possible interest in helping India to solve her economic problems as a liberal democracy. Future historians will find it impossible to understand how the western world should so long have ignored the immensely favourable opportunities offered by the political climate in which India obtained her freedom. Here is the second largest population in the world attempting to build an efficient modern state by democratic methods. Its leaders are temperamentally sympathetic to the West on most of the big world issues. Yet, apart from the sacrifices made by the last Labour government in allowing the rapid release of India's sterling balances, none of the western countries has given more than the most marginal assistance to those leaders in their herculean task. And the Conservative government, with its clumsy crime at Suez, casually risked all the moral capital which had been amassed in Asia by its Labour predecessor.

I have tried in these two articles to indicate the general vision which will inspire the foreign policy of the next Labour government. It is impossible to define in any detail policies which must inevitably depend on the British government's success in persuading other governments to base their conduct on a similar vision. In this, the most complicated and frustrating of all fields of policy, the most important contribution any government can make is a strong sense of direction. Without that, foreign policy is an aggregate of separate administrative decisions, often taken in an atmosphere of crisis, which finally plunges government and people, equally astonished, into catastrophe. The Labour Party's sense of direction in world affairs is now its strongest title to success – both before and after the election.

DENIS HEALEY

London Diary

I SHOULD have thought that in Marwood's case – based on a confession – there was at least the scintilla of doubt for which the Home Secretary looks when deciding whether or not to reprieve. Mr Butler's decision must have been greatly influenced by the fact that the murdered man was a policeman. The case will once again emphasise the present illogical state of the law of murder, under which there can be no death penalty for poisoners, killers of children, murderers for any kind of gain other than theft, or murderers using any kind of weapon other than a fire-arm – unless the victim happens to be a policeman or prison officer. If Marwood's case leads to a fresh attack on the Homicide Act – an attack which might now be successful – some good will have come out of a deeply distressing affair.

* * *

Nehru was justified in saying that Chinese propagandist attacks on India are 'a deeper tragedy for many of us even than the events in Tibet'. The Tibetan regime had in any case to change before long; the tragedy was that Peking's methods were cynical and ruthless. But when the Chinese accuse India of intervention in Tibet, when mass meetings of the familiar kind are induced to execrate India as China's enemy, then indeed we know that the Cold War has come to Asia. Indian public men will be hard put to it to fulfil Nehru's promise to stick to the five principles of co-existence 'even if no one else in the world holds by them'. Peking's charge of Indian 'expansionism', supported only by angry criticisms of individual Indians, does not mean that China is proposing to invade Indian territory; it is an example of the old device for maintaining national unity by inventing an outside enemy, and it may well be that Chou En-lai, now that Matsu and Quemoy no longer provide a focus for propaganda, needs a new scapegoat. This view is now confirmed by the Peking *People's Daily*, which admits revolts in Szechwan, Kansu and Chinghai, three provinces on the borders of Tibet.

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It sounded like a pretty good joke for Monty to criticise America because high-ranking officers regularly take a hand in politics there. But the joke doesn't stand up to more than a minute's thought. Though Monty has himself blown off steam from time to time, it is true that serving British generals would get the sack if they spoke out of turn or carried on open and systematic lobbying for their own political line as the air force commanders do in the US. Some of the statements of General Power of SAC, for instance, have provided the Russians with admirable propaganda, just as the rantings of some of MacArthur's staff made the Korean situation far more difficult to handle. There seems to be a fairly sharp distinction between the 'quiet' and the 'noisy' American commanders. I remember talking to an American officer just after the war who explained that this reflected a difference between two masonic lodges at West Point. Marshall, Bradley, Eisenhower, and many of the officers who were tied up with Shaef and, later, with Nato, belonged to one group: its tradition was one of sober loyalty. The other lodge was linked to the MacArthur men, with a 'Pacific' outlook, more independent and adventurist. Masonry plays such a large part in the higher reaches of the American services that I'm inclined to think there may be something in this explanation. I recall that excellent soldier, General Bedell Smith, returning to the European theatre from the Pacific, and saying that out there he found 'more prima donnas than operas'.

* * *

Who wants to wreck the *Universities and Left Review*? The theft of all its records from its Soho office last week sounds like a chapter out of a spy story. The thieves first took away part of the files of members and subscribers, leaving money and other papers untouched. Then, after the weekend, a second raid was made, and the remaining files were taken. The *Review* is thus left without any records of its subscribers, and someone has a mailing list with the names of about 3,000 interested and active left-wingers. This is a novel and sinister form of political sabotage, and the disruption of the *Review's* work will be hard to make good. One practical step that ULR subscribers can take is to write to Janet Hase, at 7 Carlisle Street, W1, giving details of their subscriptions.

* * *

I agree with Dr Leslie Weatherhead's comments on the case of the Leicester medical man who told a meeting on Monday that he once gave a fatal drug to a cancer sufferer. The law should be changed so that, with proper safeguards, doctors could put a merciful end to useless suffering. It is unfair that the individual doctor should have to make such a decision and I have known more than one doctor conscientious and brave enough to run the risk of ending a life where the end of it is desired by the patient himself. In the Leicester case there is little likelihood that the doctor will now be prosecuted, though the mere passage of time never confers immunity in the case of indictable offences – the hands of the police would only be forced if they were given chapter and verse, accompanied by much more publicity. The General Medical Council are reported as saying that they will not take any proceedings – by which I suppose they mean striking him off the medical register – unless someone makes a complaint to them. Among the opponents of euthanasia there may be people who would do even that, but I should hope, even then, that the GMC would pay no regard to them.

* * *

Referring a fortnight ago to *Morals and Missiles* (James Clarke, 2s. 6d.), I spoke of Michael De La Bedoyere as the editor, though in fact his part was to write the introduction. The editor, Charles Thompson, writes to me taking exception to my remark that E. I. Watkin 'expresses dismay at the failure of the Papacy to say bluntly that no nuclear war can be just'. Mr Watkin, he points out, devotes three pages to explaining the administrative and political difficulties that the Pope would have in making such a statement, and adds that his reasons for refraining are 'weighty in the extreme' so that the scandal is 'not of the Papacy but of an overwhelming Catholic majority too completely enthralled by a false patriotism or at best lacking in faith or fortitude to obey such a prohibition'. Mr Thompson omits, however, Mr Watkin's previous sentence which runs: 'That the Holy Father has not forbidden and, for such powerful reasons as I have attempted to indicate, in all probability will not forbid Catholics to co-operate in any way with nuclear warfare or participate in any war which employs it, is in truth a scandal, a stumbling block.' In short, if I had been writing at greater length I should have only have had to add that the Pope is, in this as in other matters, acting as a politician. He does not issue a command which is demanded by Catholic doctrine because, again to quote Mr Watkin, the command 'would be met by disobedience on a colossal scale'.

* * *

If a man who hates the mounting volume of noise in this world is an enemy of progress, this is what I am, and I rejoice that sight-seeing tours of London by helicopter are not to be permitted. Not that I think helicopters are the noisiest aircraft, or even that aircraft are the worst offenders – at least they offend with some mechanical excuse. What I can never understand is the total immunity now allowed to defective 'silencers' on road vehicles, especially sports cars and motor cycles. Exhaust manifolds are doctored in order to produce this din; this is no doubt deeply satisfying to the youths who get from it an illusion of great speed. It has been going on now for years; but do you ever read of a prosecution? For some reason the police today simply ignore the offence. Twenty years ago, I'm told, they went about the streets carrying bits of wire which they pushed into 'expansion chambers' to find out whether the baffle-plates had been taken out. I wish they would do it again, and then turn their attention to cement mixers, one of which is deafening me as I write.

* * *

For some reason Mr Gilbert Longden, MP, was charged not with being drunk and disorderly – a phrase generally understood – but with being 'drunk and indecent' – a phrase which suggests a much more serious offence. The *Daily Express* deserves thanks for first saying bluntly that he was urinating in Upper Belgrave Street at 2.40 in the morning – a silly offence which a sober man might be expected to avoid even under embarrassing pressure. The magistrate was reasonable, of course, but owing to the obscurity of legal phraseology and the prudery of a singularly unprudish press, the publicity accorded an MP for such indiscipline amounts to a punishment out of all proportion to the peccadillo.

* * *

When I write my classical *History of Hypocrisy* (the first of a trilogy of which the others will be *The Anatomy of Vanity* and *The Gentle Art of Fishing*), exhibit A will be the South African government's reason for banning Bertrand Russell's *Why I am Not a Christian*. According to the government's handout (reported in the Johannesburg *Star*) the reason for the ban was that the book 'violated the principles of Christianity upheld in South Africa'. Even Hitler did not pretend that it was a Christian action to crucify the Jews.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'For the past ten years I have been driving in Birmingham and have always found the city's police absolutely wonderful.

But this young constable seemed all out to be unpleasant.

He didn't realise I was a titled person driving my wife, the Marchioness, to address a meeting of 1,000 members of the Salvation Army.

I suppose it was because we were using the smallest of our fleet of cars.' – *Daily Mirror.* (H. Clarke.)

A 30-year-old man accused of murdering a woman in his room at Moss Side was said in Manchester today to have 'a main passion in life – football'.

Mr F. J. Beezley, for the Director of Public Prosecutions, said, 'Having left this unfortunate lady under the bed he seems to have gone about to football matches quite happily although he does say the matter was on his conscience.' – *Manchester Evening Chronicle.* (D. Shearman.)

I caught sight of Miss Sally Fellowes, Lord de Ramsey's daughter, who had won goodness knows how many bottles of beer on the tombola.

'I'm rather thrilled about it,' she said. 'After all, you can get champagne and stuff any old day.' – *Evening Standard.* (Elizabeth Fitzgerald.)

A Negro in Notting Hill

(The author of this article is Labour Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He records some personal impressions of Britain's colour problem.)

As an American visitor, interested in the causes of the racial disturbances which took place in Notting Hill last August and September, I have been assured by the official and private agencies concerned with these matters that the worst is over. 'We are making progress', I was told. 'The situation is under control'. Or, again, 'more race riots are unlikely'. But I am not so sure. Admittedly, I have had time only to make a quick investigation of conditions in this district, yet I feel that a critical situation is developing there and that unless some action is taken now there will be more trouble in the course of this summer.

Last December the Under Secretary of State for the Home Office told the House of Commons that the resident coloured population from the Commonwealth countries currently residing in England is 210,000. This figure was broken down into 115,000 West Indians, 25,000 West Africans, 55,000 Indians and Pakistanis, leaving about 15,000 others from numerous other countries in the Commonwealth. The distribution of the total was also given as 90,000 in London, 25,000 in Birmingham, 8,000 in Manchester, 6,400 in Liverpool, 6,000 in Leeds, and lesser but quite substantial numbers in Bradford, Nottingham, Coventry and Cardiff. The total population of the United Kingdom is approximately 50 million.

It was not until 1955 that coloured immigrants from the colonial territories began to arrive in substantial numbers. The largest proportion of the new immigrants since that year has come from the British West Indies. The figures given by the Home Office for West Indian immigration are 28,000 in 1955, 30,000 in 1956, 23,000 in 1957, and the incomplete figure for 1958 is above 15,000. The rapid entry of such a large number of coloured immigrants into English urban centres, already suffering from significant unemployment and an even more acute housing shortage, has served to create an atmosphere of racial tension which is never far from overt acts of violence, especially in those working-class and decaying districts where the coloured people have had to settle. Nor, I believe, is this threat of violence only a matter of unavoidable immigrant adjustment unconnected with race relations. While it is true that, in Great Britain, there is not the obsessional attitude towards skin colour that there is in South Africa or in Mississippi, the darker skin of the Caribbean and African immigrants does give a special twist to conflicts about employment, housing and neighbourhood relations.

Of course, in any discussion with residents in North Kensington you hear complaints about jobs, and poor housing, and about the difficulties of living in a large urban society. But I was particularly disturbed by the many allegations against the police. The coloured people in this district are upset and anxious about abuses of the police power. Even if one allows for rumour and the exaggerations of speech, there are enough corroborated stories to suggest that this anxiety has a real basis in fact. I was told of West Indians who claim to have been severely beaten in police stations, of others who have been 'roughed up' on the streets – several informants said that they had been told by policemen: 'Niggers must keep off the streets at night' – and almost every Negro I spoke to reported some harassment by policemen. There were, too, complaints that if there is trouble between a white and a Negro, it is the coloured man who is usually arrested.

A visit to the slum dwellings of Notting Hill forcibly reminded me of East Harlem in New York City. Going into the areas of London where there is a heavy concentration of coloured people, one finds entire families living in very small rooms without adequate cooking or sanitary facilities, yet paying exorbitant rentals of £4, £5 and £6 a week for hovels that violate all the accepted standards of decency. These high rents, out of all proportion to weekly income, have resulted in an increase in the number of cases brought before rent tribunals by coloured tenants. The lack of adequate housing for these immigrants, together with their meagre earning power, has already created housing ghettoes with a most unhealthy population density. Inhabitants of the flats in the new Negro ghettoes are aware of the exorbitant rentals they are forced to pay and they are extremely bitter about their exploitation by the landlords.

During this past year, when Britain experienced an economic recession, a most pressing problem and source of racial friction was the matter of employment. Large groups of West Indians were daily seen waiting outside the employment exchanges. The lack of adequate industrial training and work experience on the part of most West Indian migrants to England has forced them into the lowest paid menial and service occupations, where there is the sharpest conflict for employment and where they are thrown into contact with other unskilled migrants who are most given to racial prejudice and violence. The most significant exception to this has been the successful integration of coloured workers in London Transport.

When one raises the matter of abuses of police power with the Home Office, one is assured that English law and tradition prevent the police from being anything but protectors of the population. When one discusses employment discrimination with the officials of the Ministry of Labour, one is positively assured that they are against racial prejudice; but they will candidly admit that the employment exchanges will recognise and pander to an employer's racial discrimination in filling job vacancies. In discussing, with trade union leaders, the difficulties in securing apprenticeships and other training opportunities for the coloured immigrants, I was assured of their profound sympathy – but I was also told that admission standards of apprentice programmes are inviolable; and one suspects that the British worker's ever-present memory and fear of unemployment prevents him being too sympathetic with the problems of his coloured brother from the West Indies.

As a result the Negro residents of North Kensington have an acute sense of alienation from the rest of the community. Sharply aware of the abuse and victimisation they suffer daily, and with the feeling that no one really cares, they have formed a good many local protective organisations. These vary from small street defence groups and social clubs to larger and more ambitious bodies, one of which calls itself the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples of Great Britain. Among these groups I was fascinated to find a burst of activity by the Garvey movement, an extremely chauvinist Negro group, currently led by the widow of Marcus Garvey. In America, in the depression years, Garvey built a quite powerful mass movement based mainly upon the West Indians in the New York area: one of his slogans was 'Back to Africa', but his main appeal lay in a form of Negro chauvinism.

In the heart of Notting Hill, in a one-room basement home, the young leader of one of the larger protective associations quietly but bitterly told me that he had prepared a series of complaints to the rent tribunal about a landlord who he alleged was charging exorbitant rent for flats and rooms that were in an appalling condition. 'What can I do?', he asks me. 'Several times the landlord tried to bribe me to call off the actions. I refused every time. After the last time I was beaten up by hoodlums. But I keep on at him'.

This young man added that he was taken to the police station and told to keep off the streets and to stop agitating. He further alleges that he was struck by two policemen and that his head was forced into a WC bowl while one of the policemen angrily told him that 'that is where all niggers belong'. Other coloured persons have told me how their clubs are raided by police officers and their homes entered without warrants. Repeatedly one is given a sense that these people feel completely deserted, and that, if effective and reasonable forms of protest and redress are not provided, irrational forms of protest and explosions of anger are inevitable. Decisions of the rent tribunal are eagerly watched to determine if fair treatment can really be secured, or whether English justice is for the landlord and the white man exclusively.

Intensifying all the current problems of North Kensington is the fact that the British Fascist leader, Sir Oswald Mosley, is conducting a campaign for election to parliament in the district. The Mosley group has engaged in overt racial provocations and it is appealing to the most backward and racialist elements amongst the whites. There are already indications that various white supremacist and Fascist elements prone to violence, from other parts of London and elsewhere, are descending upon North Kensington and engaging in blatant racist provocations.

I was especially struck by the absence of any vigorous and sensitive mobilisation of concern on the part of liberal-minded people about this most urgent contemporary problem. One may talk with earnest representatives of the London Council of Social Service, which has established a West Indian Advisory Committee. This agency is exploring possibilities of help to the immigrants, but is at best limited to a consultative role. One may visit Bishop Creighton House, which is one of several youth hostels for West Indian and African students residing in England, and sense the dedication of the social workers in trying to be helpful. But the observer looks in vain for the once vigorous English spirit of reform and protest which inspired so many generations of American social action and reform movements. The American Negro community has numbers, resources and leadership: it provides the drive for civil rights activity. But the coloured groups in Britain are poor, as yet leaderless, and geographically dispersed: they are desperately dependent on allies for assistance. It will indeed be tragic if the newly-arrived coloured people from elsewhere in the Commonwealth are left to fight their battles alone.

HERBERT HILL

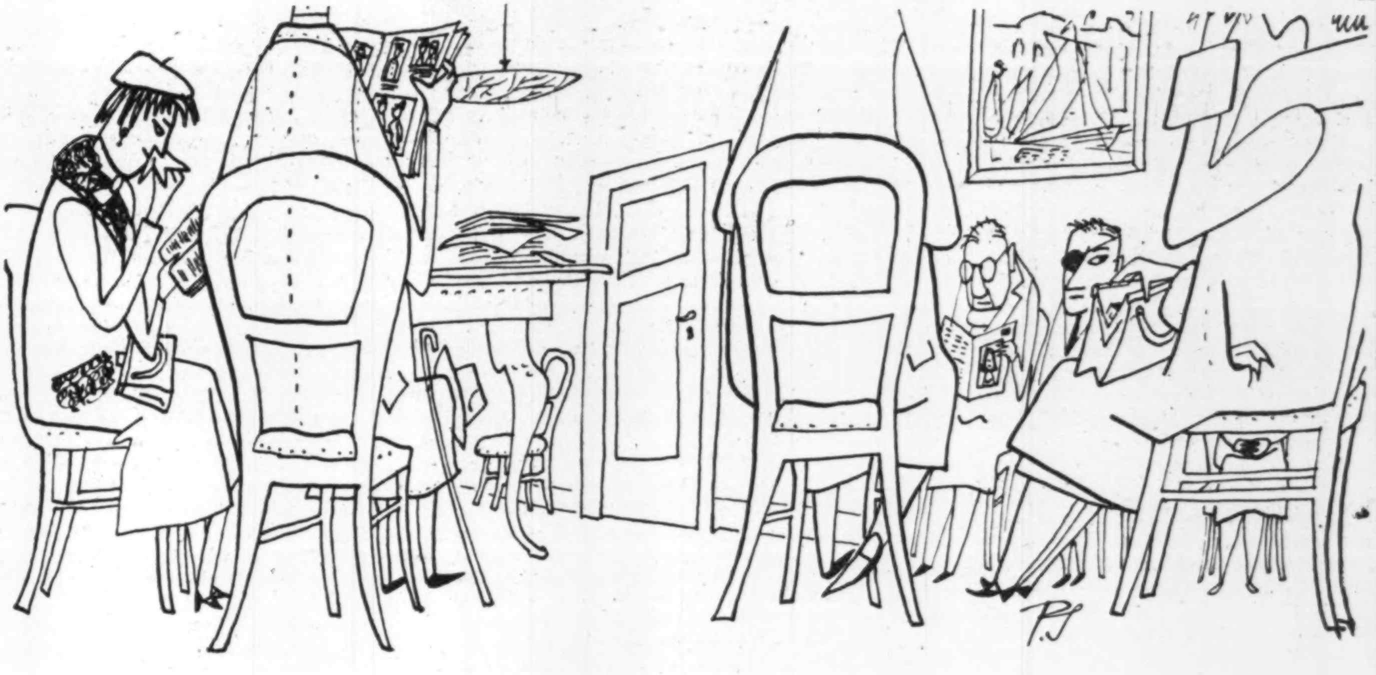
A Small Insoluble

APPARENTLY, Nazareth had not changed. After the sweet winter rain, its ramshackle beauty swam in oyster-colour puddles reflecting Merry Christmas lights left up for the Armenian holiday. We sat, as usual, in a café scented with warm raw meat, ogled by hawkers of hideous wooden camels. The radio flung out a voice of melodrama, now exhorting, now threatening. 'That's the Colonel,' said our Israeli friend in ironic disgust; 'do you know, the intelligentsia round here call him Colonel Garibaldi!' He demanded in a rhetorical whisper: 'Can you imagine Jews in Cairo listening to Ben Gurion over a public radio?' No, one couldn't. 'Yet they complain of being treated as second-class citizens.' He jerked a thumb at the café conspirators, eyeing their bitter coffee. 'See that chap? He's a professional malcontent, paid by the Reds. After the riots on May Day, they cancelled his travel permit. If he'd been a Jew in Cairo . . .' drawing a nail across his throat.

We elbowed past donkeys, and nuns like yachts in full sail, to the Military Governor's office. A scribe filled in documents by the gate, for an exorbitant fee. His rival, even fatter, blocked the road with a mahogany desk. Their illiterate clients squatted motionless, veiled by *kefiehs* of bridal white. 'There are 120,000 Arabs in Galilee,' said the governor briskly, 'all holding passes, except about a hundred who've been found guilty of spying or er . . . political misbehaviour. Over 3,000 now hold passes valid for a year. The women don't bother to apply, because they dislike being photographed, so they have a monthly pass which doesn't need a photo.'

In theory, no one – Arab nor Jew – can enter a military government area without a permit. In practice, since the areas are large and unfenced, the regulations are invoked only to control certain people. Communist members of parliament, noted for stirring up trouble among the minorities, are denied entry altogether, whereas a Moslem in the 'mixed' town of Acre can go about unchallenged. This election year, the Premier himself has promised relaxations, and radical teddy-boys deface the Tel Aviv concrete with 'Abolish Military Rule' in bloodshot paint.

'Anything to catch votes,' Jamal told us, deriding the Labour Federation for ratifying Arab membership a significant half-year before the poll.



the things they say!

You know, I don't think doctors ought to prescribe commercial drugs at all.

But *all* drugs are made by some commercial firm or other.

Yes, but they aren't all sold under fancy names in fancy packages — at fancy prices.

Surely it's wrong to make a profit out of illness?

But if the pharmaceutical manufacturers didn't make profits, where would they get the £4,000,000 they spend every year on doing research to find other drugs that are very badly needed?

But I thought most of the new drugs had been discovered by doctors working in the big hospitals!

Not at all. Most new drugs and anaesthetics have been discovered and perfected by the pharmaceutical industry — in other words, by the very people who make them.

Give me some examples.

Well, take I.C.I. It was their Pharmaceuticals Division that discovered an entirely new treatment for epilepsy; and quite recently they announced a new anaesthetic with unique properties and a new drug for leprosy that may well reduce the period of treatment considerably.

It was only at great effort — and cost — that these products were developed, perfected and made available. Many other pharmaceutical manufacturers could point to comparable contributions that *they* have made to the progress of Medicine.

ICI

U

Jamal, whose perfect teeth forever laughed from a brown hawk-face, could deride everyone with impunity. By throwing in his lot with the Zionist invader, he could exact their unspoken obligation to do penance. 'I'm only a village lad,' he conceded, 'but look at me now – correspondent for what you might call *The Times* of Israel.'

Although that comparison was rather hard on *The Times*, Jamal had indeed made good. His Christian school-friends envied a career open to no patriot waiting for 'Colonel Garibaldi'. He spoke a brutal Hebrew, crackly with slang picked up at a collective farm, where he spent a year with some Arab youth chosen for their intelligence. 'The *kibbutz* did us a great favour,' he jeered; 'let us work for nothing, and every day gave us a sermon about building bridges. You know, between Arab and Jew. My God, the bridges they built would go to the moon.' None of his group stayed on the collective.

* * *

The 'integration' of Palestinians who did not flee during the war of 1948 will probably keep its inverted commas, until Israel becomes more Arab, or the Arab world accepts Israel. Meanwhile, the government has tried to neutralise a potential fifth column by mixing the immigrant and non-Jewish communities. Proud above the apricot convents of Nazareth lay the New Town. Better than most immigrant housing, it did not stick out like a sore thumb, but actually met the landscape halfway. Rain came down, darkening stone bungalows to nougat, leaving the air like icy taffeta. 'What a climate!' the mayor-elect (known simply as 'Motke') breathed in reverently. Sounds came diamond clear: the tinkle of sheep, the crash of scaffolding, the whine of Polish women pegging up long white hose. Their newly arrived neighbours from Rumania wore darned lisle. At first the children yelled at each other; then they united against newcomers, or the Arab urchins who swarmed over their playground for lack of one downtown. 'We had to reach a compromise,' said Motke calmly: 'On Sunday, the playground was reserved for visitors.' This worked well, Sunday being the start of a Jewish school week, and also the Nazareth Sabbath. 'Our new town has met with approval from everyone – except the Communists,' he added without rancour, extending a big confident hand to the horizon. 'Over 200 Arabs work on that site with Polish labour, building our textile plant. Spinning, weaving – the lot. Come back next year and see it complete.' Motke never boasted. He strode downhill, rain scrambling over his thick, confident eyebrows.

Nazareth having no industry, 2,000 men commute to Haifa daily in buses which relay Egyptian jazz loud enough to burst the amplifier. To avoid discrimination, a fair percentage of work is allocated by the general labour exchange direct to its Arab branch. During the British mandate, Haifa refinery employed about 2,000 Arabs. 'They've still got a few "good Arabs" at the refinery,' said Mahmoud who once shovelled coke there, 'but they're liable to be chucked out too,' he predicted, cleaning his gold canine with a gimlet. After the Suez campaign, Arabs in posts involving security were laid off. 'The boss was kind, and let them go back,' Mahmoud yawned, revealing more bullion. 'I'm a carpenter now, like Jesus,' he said in a tone of relief. 'Please visit my shop. Saint Joseph worked there.' Through offal dyeing the gutter purple, Mahmoud led us through the market.

* * *

'If we gave a refrigerator to every Arab, they still wouldn't be happy,' murmured K from the Minorities Department, tormenting a paper-clip with long tragic fingers, 'and they won't be happy until Israel goes under.' This unmentionable truth underlay the dedicated work of K and his colleagues. Materially, their results are writ large. Half-an-hour outside Tel Aviv, we saw an irrigated plain where dry crops used to yield meagre profit. A tractor cut richly into the earth, driven by an Arab with blue beads hanging from his ignition key. Beyond him was a slim concrete marker, where a Jordanian ploughman trudged behind his mule, swinging a blue amulet. Wind made butterflies of women hoeing in filthy mauve sateen. They came from a village divided clean down the middle by a nominal wire frontier. 'You understand now why we can't prevent traffic over the line,' drawled a major whose careful voice and trim khaki might have adorned a well-meaning colonial Briton. 'Take smuggling: Gillette blades are cheap in Jordan, so they land up here.' Hashish from Syria, on its way to Egypt, provides employment for the den-operators of Jaffa. Conversely, charitable people buy sterling on the Tel Aviv black bourse to help their poor relations in Jordan. Spying continues unabated. 'That's why we don't give permits to a couple of hundred doubtful chaps,' explained the major apologetically. The curfew has been cut down, and anyway 'no villager ever goes out after 11 o'clock'.

We had tea with Faris Hamdan, big man of the neighbourhood. Below the small talk, a game of cat-and-mouse developed – though who played cat and who mouse, one couldn't decide. 'Of course I object to military rule,' Hamdan vented a huge gurgling laugh; 'it's a democracy – I can tell it to your face!' His cousin offered tea in exquisite gilt porcelain. 'Where do I buy it? Who knows?' Hamdan again gave his cataleptic gurgle, while the major burrowed into a rampart of cake ordered specially for non-Arab guests. 'We improve the living standard,' noted Hamdan, leader of 'Work and Progress,' affiliated to Mapai. Apart from a left-wing Sheikh and the Reds, non-Jewish members of parliament keep to a safe Labour ticket. Hamdan wanted to establish a joint Arab-Jewish bank. He would prevail, just as he'd prevailed over the canning factory. 'A million pound investment,' confirmed K heartily, 'part from our host, part from a local Jewish firm. A jolly good precedent.' Hamdan's limousine leaped in a flash through the village to his factory. 'By the way, BG has promised to honour the opening ceremony,' someone recalled for the third time, as we waded through grapefruit juice to the car.

The village flew by, scampering with urchins who yelled '*Shalom!*' – for Arab children begin learning Hebrew at ten years old. Behind us dwindled the bosomy little mosque. 'We can show you a housing project,' said the major, 'within our plan to rehabilitate 20,000 former refugees.' On the Jordan foot-hills, a minaret needled the bright blue air. 'You won't find any electric light over there,' K said unhappily.

GERDA L. COHEN

A Floral Retrospect

'THE noise, my dear! And the people!' Emerging from the Palais de la Défense, dusty footsore, bruised and very weary we might have added: 'And the stairs!' As to people, the official anticipation of a million visitors to the *Floralies Internationales* is certain to have been comfortably exceeded, possibly by as much as 50 per cent. As to the stairs – but it is necessary first to give some description of this, the newest, largest and architecturally most impressive exhibition hall in the world. The ground plan is an equilateral triangle. At each apex the concrete roof fans out in an upward curve from ground level, the sections meeting in a triple intersection 164 feet up, thus providing an unsupported roof area of five and a half acres. The three domed sides are entirely of glass, the individual panes being slightly slanted to give ventilation so effective that, overcoats and the company of 100,000 other bodies notwithstanding, we found it chilly on a dull day. There are four floors above ground level, the second floor complete but for a central well, the others wide galleries. Because of the slope of the roof one cannot perambulate the top two galleries without descending and re-ascending stairs at each corner, so that to see everything, and without going back once on one's tracks, one had to climb the equivalent of 14 stories.

It is nice to think of this fabulous building being opened with an exhibition so innocent as the first properly international flower show since 1857 – when France, Russia, Holland, Germany and Great Britain participated in the fourth Ghent Quinquennial Exhibition. On this occasion the field was enlarged by most other western European countries, plus Iran. Each exhibit was required to have a theme, and the theme had to be supported by a quotation; we were ruefully successful in guessing the two lines of Browning selected for the British little acre. This 'woodland garden', with rhododendrons, azaleas and cherry trees assembled from Windsor, Wisley and innumerable private nurseries, held a delicious promise of peace and seclusion; and it may have been this that won for it a joint second *Prix d'Honneur* from weary judges.

The other second prize went to the Belgian exhibit, an incredibly floriferous but stylised display, making much use of white painted wood and plaster statuary. Federal Germany staged a well-ordered but rather unimaginative group of, for the most part, flower and foliage plants in pots, all superbly grown, all unassailably bourgeois. Spain, by contrast, produced a little gem, a garden of faintly fading elegance, with ground ivy just beginning to spread, and a large amphora tumbled on its side and partly overgrown. The Italians achieved a near-joke in showing, under the theme of '*La Riviera dei Fiori*' a superb arrangement of outrageously beautiful but unfloriferous cacti. Cacti indeed – the real thing, not just those miniature pin-cushions in pots – figured prominently throughout the show.

Rumania was the only Communist country to participate, and it must be said that, horticulturally, its entry fell far below the general standard; indeed below the standard one would expect in a suburban florist's shop. As if by deliberate intent, one's gaze was quickly diverted to the display of folk-weave and folk-art. The only other disappointment was, surprisingly, the stand of the Dutch Bulbgrowers Association. We had hoped to see some other tulip varieties than those we have known and grown for years, and, in some cases, discarded. As it was, it was left to the Ile-de-France to show the new and spectacular Darwin hybrids. Maybe these sturdy giants would be a little overpowering in a pocket-handkerchief garden or a small flat; in the Palais de la Défense they were magnificent.

But despite the excellence of the foreign entries, it was essentially a French show; and nobody – with a possible exception to be mentioned – could

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grudge the premier award to the very large, very lavish and very, very beautiful display by the well-known French seed firm of Vilmorin-Andrieux (designed by an Englishman, incidentally). Throughout the French had been unsparing of effort, imagination and money. Enthusiasm about the show spilled over to interests whose connection with horticulture is tenuous, to say the least. Perfumery obviously had its place, *haute couture* possibly. But china and cutlery and the small exhibition of tropical fish? Apart, however, from the wonderful orchids in the hot-house, which were mostly shown growing naturally, and among which the British contribution was outstanding, there was perhaps a smaller variety of flowers and plants than is to be found at Chelsea. There were practically no sweet peas on view, and few gladioli, although gladioli are flowered in France throughout the calendar. The only chrysanthemums – and those not so good as can be seen any day at Covent Garden market – were on the British stand. Lilies there were in profusion, but it was an endless repetition of Arums, Longiflorums, and Anthuriums. We only saw Auratums once – again on the British stand – and only once specimens of the coloured trumpet lilies recently introduced from New Zealand. Pot plants similarly lacked variety: thousands of wonderful hydrangeas, few begonias and apparently no gloxinias.

But where the *Floralies Internationales* outstripped all previous flower shows was in sheer size, in broad concepts and grand designs, and especially in the use of accessory material – of water and stone and trees, of ancient carvings, of a parasol and a sun-hat casually left on a garden bench, of a pavilion by a lake. The French nurserymen must have dug so deeply into their pockets that it hardly bears thinking about by us who struggle to make horticultural ends meet in England. Nor, perhaps, by one Paris firm who had filled a vast area with, in addition to a profusion of flowers and fruit, innumerable plaster cupids holding candelabra, hundreds of yards of maroon velvet and white silk, the whole surmounted by a nude figure, apparently representing *La Vie*, so enormous that at first we took it to be a permanent fixture of the hall. Below was a tearful little notice: *'Notre présentation n'a pas mérité d'être classée par le jury. VISITEURS, A VOUS DE JUGER'.*

Whatever the visitors judged – and to us this exhibit seemed the only slight lapse from impeccable taste – they certainly crowded round. So the creators of the *Floralies* may get their just reward.

R. L. C. Foottit

The Arts and Entertainment

For Whom is the East East?

Thousands of jewel-plated art books are now produced every year. They are not bought in the same way as other books; they take their place on the coffee table beside the Swedish glass and the ceramic tiles.

At first this may seem to suggest a welcome diffusion of culture. But only because our concept of culture is – to put it mildly – an obsolete one. A culture is not the sum total of thousands of personal claims to 'understand' genius, much as an equally sentimental few claim to 'understand' their dogs. In fact – if one is going to use a rough metaphor – works of art are more like the stones of bridges which men have built and crossed together because they needed to travel in a particular direction. Yet now the bridges are being dismantled and the stones adapted into charming bird-baths for private gardens. What this reflects above all is our lack of energy.

Occasionally an art book will confirm this. Verlag der Kunst of Dresden in East Germany have recently produced the most comprehensive volume on Diego Rivera yet to be published in Europe. As you look through this book it is difficult to believe your eyes. Is this a monograph on a twentieth-century painter, or is it a record of one of the labours of Hercules? How much this man painted, how many square yards and themes and styles he covered during fifty years! He is surrounded by his work like an old man by a forest he planted when young. He himself in fact is difficult to find; his creations literally dwarf him. Now obviously there are all kinds of exterior explanations for this, and it would be absurd to compare Rivera with, say, Juan Gris and to conclude on the basis of their output (a theatre-backdrop compared to a postage stamp) that Gris was feeble and precious. What is far more significant is that Rivera's work – as also that of Orozco and Siqueiros – has, stylistically, a European basis. Rivera's masters were Giotto, Michelangelo, Cézanne and Picasso. So, after all, we sit back and congratulate ourselves? Far from it. What we might well do is to think again about the historical significance of modern European art. It is possible that its revolutionary discoveries – all of them now at least forty years old – have led and will lead to far greater achievements outside Europe than within Europe.

Certainly this would seem to fit in with the nature of the artistic revolutions that occurred here round the turn of this century. Mostly these revolutions established new ways of seeing, new viewpoints and hence a new vocabulary and grammar of art. They represented in art the equivalent of the break with earlier bourgeois thought which was also occurring in science and politics. But they were, in the widest sense of the word, only technical revolutions. Naturally, they had an ideological basis, but the ideological conclusions to which they logically led were not followed up. They mostly remained exercises in a closed subject. Cubism, for example, seldom went beyond treating its subjects as still-lives. New methods were discovered, but not new themes, or new art forms. New possibilities were opened up, but then – as so often before in the history of bourgeois thought and science – social contradictions prevented them being realised. Many of the artists shrank back from the political implications of the demands made by the new art they had created. Others were daunted – understandably enough – by the barriers, created by centuries of bourgeois culture, between modern art and the class that alone could bring about a modern state: the working class. But there were – and are – other places in the world where these contradictions are less. And so it seems possible (and incidentally in accord with the effects of imperialism on the imperialist countries themselves) that just as capitalist Europe nurtured the idea of a socialism it has not yet been able to achieve itself, it has also created a modern art that it has not yet been able to develop.

If this is so, we must turn many of our previous opinions inside out. No man is more central to modern European art than Picasso. And one of Picasso's major innovations was to 'import' African art and the art of other foreign cultures into European painting and sculpture. The significance of this is usually seen in terms of the effect it had on European art. Thus Herbert Read has compared such imported influences with 'injections of a drug: they act as a temporary stimulus and restore the body to health'. Yet probably the real importance of Picasso is that he has taught African and Asian artists to see the connection between their own traditional art and the discoveries of the twentieth century.

Another recent book could confirm this view: William Archer's *India and Modern Art* (Allen & Unwin, 35s.). In this very useful book Mr Archer traces the development of four modern Indian artists, Rabindranath Tagore (better known as a poet), Amrita Sher-Gil, Jamini Roy, and George Keyt (from Ceylon). The last two are by far the more important artists – Keyt, in my opinion, being among the few certain painters of this time – but the first two nevertheless had to face a typical struggle. All four were involved in the fight for national independence, all were consciously concerned with creating a new Indian art. But on what basis should this new art be built? It was useless to try to return to the traditions of earlier religions or court art. And what they inherited from the nineteenth century were only the imposed and loathsomely vulgar standards of the British. (Naturalism is essentially the style of the capitalist merchant. It reproduces property and so imaginatively excites as an example of multiplication and profit. It is the style for proving that property begets property.)

Modern European art – Cézanne, Gauguin, the Expressionists and, above all, Picasso – suggested a way out of the impasse. It rejected Naturalism. With its emphasis on the simplification of forms and immediacy of expression it made a connection possible with indigenous folk art. (Some of the bazaar paintings of Kalighat in Calcutta could hold their own in any museum of modern art.) And at the same time it was an art which looked forwards and not backwards; it was not in the least incompatible with materialism, democracy, industrialisation and the future India must build for itself. It did not, of course, do more than *suggest* a way forward.

Each of these four artists followed up the suggestion in a different way. Tagore produced doodles and never got beyond establishing the right of individuality – an advance admittedly, but a small one. Sher-Gil's contribution comes perhaps from her choice of subject matter: she painted southern villagers and said: 'I want to be an interpreter of the atrocious physiological misery that abounds in our country'. Jamini Roy took least stylistically from Europe, but from its examples he gained the intellectual confidence to create a highly conscious, militantly nationalist style from Kalighat and Bengali village painting. George Keyt followed Picasso (closely but also profoundly) to find a way of re-expressing some of the basic truths of Indian poetry and mythology, particularly those that use sex to affirm the power and value of life.

None of these artists has achieved socially the kind of integration that the Mexicans have. Each of them has worked in comparative isolation, often relying at least partly on European patronage. This, however, is due to their very different historical circumstances. The speed with which the trend of development I suggested earlier will take place in different parts of the world is obviously variable. But even when one looks at the work of these four Indian artists, the same facts strike one. They are works embodying much greater energy than those of our European con-

Edible oils and oil seeds now represent 43½% of total Nigerian export trade

NOTABLE ROLE OF BRITISH MARGARINE INDUSTRY IN MAINTAINING COMMONWEALTH PROSPERITY

Nigeria's export trade, and hence Nigeria's future, is significantly geared to her agricultural production of edible oils. In fact, edible palm oil, groundnuts and palm kernels and oils represent, according to the latest figures given by the Office of the Commissioner for Nigeria, 43·5% of her total trade.

A THIRTY-EIGHT MILLION POUND MARKET In 1957 (1958 figures are not yet available) Nigeria exported 615,000 tons of these oils and oil seeds to Great Britain, bringing her in a sterling income of some £38,000,000: about 40% of this production was bought by the British margarine industry.

RAISING LIVING STANDARDS This trade has substantially helped the legislatorial bodies of Nigeria in their efforts to raise the standard of living in the country. Great Britain alone exported to Nigeria, in 1957, over a million pounds worth of clothing, shoes, etc.; over three and a half million pounds worth of furniture, fittings and building materials; over five million pounds worth of chemicals (this includes medicinal preparations, cosmetics, paints and insecticides); nine million pounds worth of transport.

NEED FOR TRADE WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH In the very near future Nigeria is scheduled to assume full self government. In these circumstances it is clearly extremely important to Britain that we can continue to count upon Nigeria, not only as an exporter of most necessary edible products to this country, but also as a settled import prospect for our own industrial output of exportable goods.
The British margarine industry is playing a particularly useful role in the maintaining and furthering of this situation.

(*All figures quoted are taken either from the Board of Trade, "Trade and Navigation Accounts", the "Nigerian Trade Summary", or have been obtained from the Office of the Commissioner for Nigeria.*)

BBG-2-8866-55

temporaries. They may not be finer paintings but they promise more. This promise is very largely contained in their themes and iconography. In Europe the artist's search for a theme, that is to say, his search for a subject the significance of which both he and his likely spectator can take for granted, has become a desperately difficult task. Too much has been broken and dehumanised. Death has become a blank, sex a commodity, hope a salesman's patter. This, in the last analysis, is why our artists are driven to abstraction. But in these paintings a bride, a dancer, a peasant from the hills, a woman looking into a mirror are certain to be meaningful. They are woven into an accepted fabric of values: fragmentation hasn't reached the stage where the first job is to prove that the particular isn't trivial. And the way these subjects are painted reflects the confidence inherent in this.

And so finally we reach the paradoxical conclusion that it is not in the volumes on the coffee tables that we can discover today the future significance of the European achievement in the arts, but rather in studying, whenever we get the opportunity, what is being produced in those countries that for several centuries we hypocritically considered it our mission to civilise.

John Berger

Voltaire Comes to Town

Words

In theory, *Candide* was going to be the musical to end all musicals. And if the sheer weight of the right names could have done it, it would have been. Book by Lillian Hellman (based on story by Jean F. Voltaire); music by the most fashionable composer of upper-class musicals, Leonard Bernstein; lyrics by the most fashionable of the younger American poets, Richard Wilbur; additional lyrics by Dorothy Parker; sets and costumes by Osbert Lancaster. What more could one want? Or, as someone once plaintively asked, how many swallows does it take to make a *Summa*?

Alas, somewhere between the conception and creation falls the shadow. The grand theories never quite become practice and only muddled good intentions reach the stage. The muddle, in fact, is precisely in the intentions. Granted, the musical is based on Voltaire's satire only in the way Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Cinderella* is based on the fairy story; the tale is an excuse for another kind of entertainment altogether. But Miss Hellman never seems to decide what she is doing; she keeps beginning to be satirical and then, remembering that the function of musical comedy is to cheer everyone up, she thinks better of it. The jokes, as a result, go off at half cock. Candide crosses Europe in search of goodness and generosity, chased from country to country in a series of two-minute vignettes: it's a chance a cosmopolitan wit like Miss Hellman should have been waiting for. But she doesn't take it. Instead, she trots out a series of corny old gags about national characteristics and never stays for a punch line: the Lowlanders are industrious, the Swiss are neutral. So what? Miss Hellman, apparently, can do everything except think of a funny joke, just as Mr Bernstein can do everything except think of a catchy tune, just as Mr Wilbur can do everything except write satiric verse that is both biting and witty. And so on. Everyone seems to be waiting for everyone else to be clever. The result was an appalling slowness and hesitation which the actors could never quite dispel. Only Osbert Lancaster's sets – particularly his Callot-macabre backdrop for the last scene – were inventive enough to make their point by themselves.

It's a shame, for the cast has plenty of talent. Laurence Naismith exudes good humour and ineffectuality as Dr Pangloss. He buttonholes the audience, spins them confidences, jollies them along and would, no doubt, have rolled them in the aisles had he had the jokes to do it with. Miss Mary Costa as Cunegonde (pronounced Coony Gonder) is sporting and grasping and coy, but the only real chance she had to show it was in her jewel song, where self-pity struggled nobly with greed, and lost. But in this the music, for once, gave her the chance she needed. Edith Coates, too, did what she could with the Old Lady and was spirited and cheerfully ugly enough. But perhaps only Hermione Gingold could have ad-libbed the wit the authors left out of the part. Denis Quilley sang well and was innocent as Candide, smiling his way unperturbed through all tribulations. But the best performance of the evening was Ron Moody as the Governor of Buenos Aires. Mr Moody not only had exactly the right air of bored dissipation, he also had the best material. On sex, marriage and genteel swindle the authors seemed unanimously assured. What a pity *Candide* is also about war, good and evil.

A. Alvarez

Music

Candide uses a classical orchestra (no saxophones, jazz mutes or exotic percussion) and its forms, though simple, are essentially dramatic and operatic. The content and craftsmanship of Miss Hellman's book must be considered against the background of the classical operetta libretto. On that level its quality is very striking – far more so than the work of earlier 'serious' American dramatists in this field – and the relationship to Voltaire is of secondary importance. This is a play *for* music. The humour of the work, even when most weakly anachronistic, cannot be divorced from its musical setting. Cunegonde's exclamation, 'Here I am in Paris, France' may by itself seem a gratuitous Americanism, but the mock-tragedy of the harmony's collapsing minor triads dignifies the joke. Later on in the same song, a superbly tortuous progression back to the C minor refrain tells us more about Cunegonde's seduction by 'Some Grand Duke . . . or other' than mere words ever could.

Every page of this score reveals the hand of a true musician – something that cannot quite be said of *West Side Story*. Unlike that work, *Candide* always gives some kind of musical satisfaction. The performance, admirably conducted by Alexander Faris, and decently played by a small orchestra, is far better than might be expected. The singing is by no means unskilled and at its best is quite remarkable in the circumstances. Miss Mary Costa's consummate ad lib. glissando in her big aria almost makes one forgive her throwing the music to the winds later on in order to get a laugh with the lyrics. The music is too good to be thrown away just now, whatever posterity may decide. Even the smallest musical statement, like the satirical Wedding Anthem, holds the attention with a surprise, a paradox, a solution.

Characteristically, the Wedding Anthem is a variation of an unremarkable earlier motif. In a sense, the whole score derives its strength from the distinctive variation of more or less neutral motifs. With the exception of the masterly little Lute Song, and the two finales which are derived from it, there is no musical idea which has unique, inescapable implications. The score has mistakenly, though not foolishly, been described as parodistic. Its eclectic tendencies are in fact less aggressive than that. Bernstein is a gifted melodist, but not a spontaneous one like Gershwin. His need to find artificial roots whenever he ventures beyond the local scene (bounded on the west side by the blues and on the symphonic side by Copland) is typical of the intelligent modern artist who belongs to a peripheral culture. The music of *Candide* draws on the experience of perhaps a dozen European masters, major and minor. That the result amounts to more than pastiche is due to sheer musicianship. The invention of real developments, the establishment of expressive contrasts, the tension between verbal and musical forms – all this is to be found in *Candide*. Even where the material is very banal, as in the 'verse' of 'What's the Use', a subsidiary inspiration (here a sustained counter-melody) may illuminate the whole picture.

Stemming as he does from a school that has tended to overdo the effect of static ostinato harmony, Bernstein's tonal invention is very impressive. The music is always moving forward. If it never quite reaches the Eldorado of complete mastery, it does at least achieve something which I feel is beyond the reach of any other living composer likely to write in this medium. In a world where music counted more than it does, *Candide* would not have had to live in the shadow of *West Side Story*. What it attempts is every bit as difficult, and success is no less real for being unsensational. Yet the work does not have the stature the subject warrants. Musically, there has been no *struggle;* only an enviable ingenuity in avoiding it. Early in his career as a theatre composer, Bizet wrote: 'Skill in art is almost indispensable, but it ceases to be dangerous only at the moment when the man and the artist are formed. I do not want to do anything *chic*: I want to have ideas before starting a piece'. Bernstein has many brilliant ideas, but most of them come *after* he has started a piece. The one, remorseless, Idea still eludes him.

David Drew

Bergman in the Theatre

I cannot think why the Malmö Municipal Theatre chose *Urfaust* for their London visit to the Princes Theatre. It is an early version which Goethe completed when he was only 25; it lacks the splendid extravagances of the final poem (I hesitate to call it a play), and without these we are left with something rather small. It is beautifully acted by Max von Sydow as Faust and Gunnel Lindblom as Margareta, but as I glanced round at the patient English faces listening incomprehendingly to the long opening speeches in Swedish I found myself wishing that Ingmar Bergman could have brought us the *Peer Gynt* which he staged so memorably a year or two back, or one of his Strindbergs such as *Eric the Fourteenth*, or even his famous and extraordinary production of *The Merry Widow*.

Still, *Urfaust* gives us a chance to sample Bergman's quality as a stage director, and that is an experience not to be missed. He is, to my mind, more satisfying as a stage director than as a film director; he seems to regard the cinema as a peculiarly personal medium through which to express his views on life, death, man's destiny, love and God. To anyone who understands Swedish his films are vitiated by the empty pretentiousness of much of the dialogue. Even when

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he uses someone else's story, as in *Summer with Monica* and *Brink of Life*, sophistry breaks in. But when he directs a play, we are spared all this, and the charge of superficiality, which can fairly be levelled against him as an author, cannot any longer be sustained. He pierces to the heart of a play, he knows what lies behind human relationships, and he has a brilliantly disciplined visual and historical imagination.

More important, he has the ability to create actors and actresses – not merely for a single memorable performance, but so that they will never be the same again. Time after time, during the past dozen years, he has taken some actor or actress, not always young, whom one has seen giving ordinarily respectable performances in Stockholm or Gothenburg, and has injected them with his own genius so that they have achieved things of which one would have believed them quite incapable. Harriet Andersson (the star of *Sawdust and Tinsel* and *Summer with Monica*) was a chorus girl when Bergman discovered her; Bibi Andersson (the young girl in *Wild Strawberries*) was a not particularly distinguished pupil at a theatre school; Nils Poppe (the wandering player in *The Seventh Seal*) was a specialist in revue and musical comedy. The difference between those actors and actresses in Sweden who have and have not been trained by Ingmar Bergman is extraordinary. As a stage director and as a creator of actors and actresses, he has scarcely an equal in Europe today.

MICHAEL MEYER

A Good Film

TITLES of films are notable for their un-subtlety; but *A Sunday Romance*, at the Curzon, breaks the rule. The romance in question starts on a Sunday, one of the 'uniform' days of a journalist conscript in the first war; he met a servant girl in the park; she took him back to her room, which was in a household to which he had the *entrée;* and thereafter the affair develops on his 'uniform' days, in his almost-fictitious character as private soldier. Thus he is, you might say, a 'Sunday lover' in the sense that there are Sunday painters. All the wit of the situation is thus – when you have seen the film – resumed in the title. I don't, of course, know if this sense is conveyed by the original – which is Hungarian – but if not, the translator has triumphed: a feat hitherto unknown in the Englishing of foreign films. Only this week, in another film – Italian, with English sub-titles – a picnicker asks another if he's coming along the beach and the other replies, 'I'm abstaining.' We should have been surprised if he'd said 'Leave me out.'

A Sunday Romance is pre-Uprising, post-Ophuls. That's to say, it carries no party ticket, and it exploits the wit and sentiment that Ophuls (a German) pinned to Vienna and that here emanates from Budapest. In both capitals poetry and gossip had their centre in café life: the café is the perfect place for sitting back and watching life and passing the comment. *A Sunday Romance* is such a comment; in fact, the café is the meeting place of the male participants, the glass is raised or the negligent 50 achieved at billiards, while a lady or one less than a lady paces in the street or the telephone rings. All this, mind you, is in 1914-16: the date is beautifully impressed with customs and costumes, the bands seeing off soldiers, the horse vehicles. An ironical charm envelopes the romance of the café journalist disguised in khaki (Ivan Darvas) and the utterly charming servant – Margit Bara. Who wouldn't have fallen for her? And she was willing, which at first propels the affair and later somewhat lessens the man's guilt – if not for him – when he attends a dinner at the house and she has to discover him seated at table, waiting tremulously to be served with chicken stew or whatever it is. Wit and sentiment are perfectly balanced in this sad story, which, however, isn't so sad since it has a plain, worldly-wise moral – that gentry and servitors don't mix – and its inevitability is achieved with tender confidence. A few Ophuls traits may be caught in the characterisation of uniforms, horses, women's fra-las; but the whole thing, though from a similar source, conveys its own freshness. The director is Imre Feher, and one may hazard that – if he remains in Hungary – no such film will issue from him in future. I don't say he won't make as good a one of a different kind.

The second feature at the Curzon is *Swan Lake*, a filming at the Bolshoi Theatre, with Maia Plisetskaya and Nikolai Fadeyechev, but as much a record of the occasion as of the ballet. Applause interrupts the music, camera cuts interrupt the dancers, we see a good deal of audience and theatre, and during intervals tour a Tchaikovsky museum in a lobby; balletomanes will be both enchanted and infuriated, but remembering the last Russian ballet film which cut off the dancers' feet, I was grateful.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Apeneck Auntie

SINCE people are supposed to intend the probable consequences of their actions, it may be concluded that the Director-General and a majority of the Governors of the BBC are secret agents of commercial television, highly paid by Mr Val Parnell to bring the Corporation into disrepute and to wreck any chance it may still have of getting the Third Channel. Since this conclusion is manifestly absurd, and these ladies and gentlemen are in fact persons of the highest integrity, we are driven towards the only alternative explanation of their astonishing conduct (*in re* Siobhan McKenna *v.* the Red Hand of Ulster) – that they are utterly unfit to clean up a whelk-stall after its owner has gone home for the night: it would be too grave a hazard actually to allow them to run the whelk-stall, let alone an important medium of communication with a Royal Charter and an income of £25m. a year.

The staunchest supporters of the idea of television as a public service – including many loyal and able servants of the BBC, such as the producers who signed the round-robin of protest on this occasion – were dismayed and astonished when it was announced that, because some lightly controversial remarks by Miss McKenna in Part I of her *Small World* conversation with Noël Coward and James Thurber had caused offence in Northern Ireland, Part II of the same programme (which contained no repetition of the same offence) had been cancelled. The BBC could have done various things on receiving the protests: since these included the resignation of Mr J. Ritchie McKee, the BBC's own National Governor for Northern Ireland, some notice presumably had to be taken of them. Most people would probably have thought that justice had been done (with a handsome deviation towards generosity) if a short announcement had been made at the beginning of Part II, to the effect that any pain caused was regretted, etc., etc., but that this, after all, had been an informal conversation in which people had been expressing their personal views. Or, more constructively, a new programme could have been arranged, screening an unscripted debate between Miss McKenna and an Ulster Tory spokesman. By merely cancelling Part II, the BBC took the worst possible course: it was an act both of contemptible cowardice and of mindless vindictiveness, punishing Miss McKenna and her colleagues and Mr Ed Murrow, but punishing still more those who might have enjoyed watching the programme last Saturday night; and it played straight into the hands of ITV, whose smartest operator naturally jumped in with an offer to broadcast the banned programme, thus reducing the BBC to the posture of a silly dog-in-the-manger.

The only excuse one can think of for the D-G and the Governors is that none of them can have actually seen the programme. (Probably they were all watching the old murder movie and the light-heavyweight boxing from Rotherham on the other channel.) If they had witnessed the thistledown-flimsy exchanges between Mr Coward and Miss McKenna and had seen how he, in effect, goaded her into being slightly naughty, they could hardly have allowed such weight to the raucous bleats from the Orangemen. In a cold transcript, the words uttered may have seemed more important than they were. . . . But no such excuse will serve; for nothing could be more flat-footed than the BBC's official statement – that 'strong feelings' had been aroused by Miss McKenna's 'political statements', and that the BBC had 'no wish to add to these feelings'.

Good God! Are we back in the bad old days of BBC auntiness? We thought they had begun to snap out of that. There *is* less censorship, in some ways, than there was: popular songs are not banned as they used to be – even when they are, like Mr Tom Lehrer's, strictly shocking, or when, like one song on the Light last Monday, they advertise the ITV channel and some of its most successful programmes. But is there to be freedom only for triviality? Is *any* unorthodox political opinion, uttered off-the-cuff, to be crushed – retrospectively and thus ineffectively?

If so, everything said against the BBC by its enemies is immensely reinforced; and the least that the sensible minority of its Governors – who presumably disagree with this decision—can do is to follow Mr McKee's example and resign.

TOM DRIBERG

Jazz at the Philharmonic, at the Royal Festival Hall

The old and tried 'swing' of the 1930s pushes along much of the current Jazz at the Philharmonic team; the old and tried blues echoes through it. Perhaps this is one reason why, in spite of the forebodings of the critics, this year's JATP is so very much more enjoyable than last year's. It has a lot of things, not counting a very polished music-hall act by Gene Krupa, smiling fixedly into the dark and bending over his drum-kit like a TV chef demonstrating omelettes. It has Roy Eldridge (trumpet), this time in splendid form, against a fine, solid, rhythmic team of Ray Brown (bass), Gus Johnson (drums) and Herb Ellis (guitar); the Oscar Peterson trio; Sonny Stitt – with whom this critic still has unfinished business at the chess-board. But all these will forgive me if I neglect them for Miss Ella Fitzgerald, who celebrates the twenty-fifth year of her public career with effortless triumph. Ella's range excludes the great emotions, tragic or comic, and the blues. But everything that lies within the frontiers of innocence, melancholy and reverie is absolutely hers. She stands at the microphone, large, a little gauche, looking down, beating time with her left hand, and sings *Porgy, I is your woman now* in a way to make one forget, for a moment, even the unique Billie Holiday. I can think of no higher praise. The only listeners who are not at her feet are dead.

F. N.

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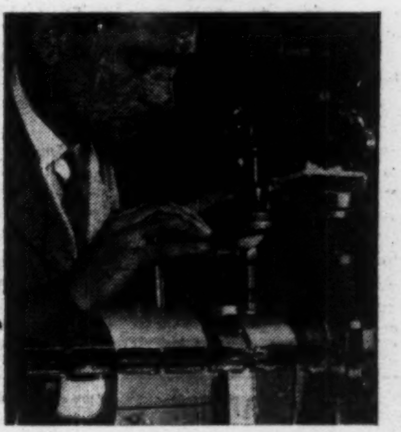
NOT JUST RAZOR BLADES . . .

The morning shave is but one of the thousands of ways in which special steels enter our daily lives. We use them in vacuum cleaners, washing machines, typewriters, motor cars, hair clips, needles and scissors – and a host of other everyday objects. Each one has probably called on the specialised knowledge and devotion of teams of technologists and skilled workers in both the steelmaking and manufacturing firms.

Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

ROD REVITT, first hand melter at a Stocksbridge steel firm, taps 70 tons of molten steel from an electric arc furnace. This is the first step in making razor blades.



MACHINES LIKE THIS must turn out blades by the million — and to keep them running smoothly the special steel used must be as flawless as the finished blades.

Correspondence

THE DEADLY MIST

Sir,—While I agree with the essential point of your leading article 'The Deadly Mist', that nuclear-weapon tests should be brought to an end, I must protest strongly about your 'scientific' argument concerning the harmful effects of strontium-90.

It is both irresponsible and dishonest to suggest that the safe level for strontium-90 ingestion has been raised quite arbitrarily by the US authorities. Scientists both in this country, the United States and elsewhere are investigating the effects of strontium-90 in animals and as more is understood about its behaviour the very properly over-cautious safe level has been modified.

Your argument is based upon statements in the *New York Times* attributed to Dr Linus Pauling who is a chemist of distinction. So far as I am aware he has never worked on strontium-90 and his remarks on this subject carry no more weight than those of any scientist speaking on a subject on which he is not actively engaged.

Pauling claims that 100,000 children of the coming generation will die of leukaemia as a result of strontium-90 from fall out. In a recent television interview Dame Janet Vaughan, whose research work is entirely concerned with the behaviour of strontium-90 in animal bodies, stated categorically that there was no known case of leukaemia having been produced even by very large doses of strontium-90 in any experimental animal except certain strains of mice which are genetically prone to it. She went on to say that in so far as one can be sure of anything in science, the amount of strontium-90 received from fall-out is quite harmless.

How are we to reconcile these widely divergent opinions between scientists of repute? The only conclusion I can reach is that Pauling is either ignorant of recent research work or has been so swayed by the emotive value of his own preachings that he has disregarded it.

The danger of strontium-90 was originally assessed by comparison with radium which has similar bone-seeking properties. A number of human subjects—watch dial painters and some medical men—who had ingested radium were available for study. From the fate of these people an assessment of the dangers of radium could be made fairly easily. For the time being it was assumed that strontium was at least as dangerous as radium.

Subsequently experiments were carried out to see how much of the strontium eaten with food reached the bones and what length of time it stayed there. These measurements showed that although calcium and strontium are chemically similar the body distinguishes between them. Although strontium is incorporated into new bone, much of it is exchanged for calcium later on. In other words less strontium reaches the bones than was originally supposed and what does arrive there does not remain as long as was thought.

The parallel with radium breaks down in another way, also. Radium emits a type of radiation called alpha particles which can travel only a very short distance in tissue. Thus a concentration of radium results in a very small region of bone or tissue in which all the energy of the radiation is absorbed. The chances of damage are considerable.

Strontium produces an entirely different type of radiation called beta rays with a considerably longer range. The energy of the radiation produced by a concentration of strontium-90 in a bone would be spread over a large region—considerably larger than the bone itself. With this dilution of effect the chances of damage are immensely reduced.

These are the reasons why the 'safe' level for strontium-90 has been changed. As we learn more about the subject the present figure may be found to be over-cautious. But this is surely the correct way to treat a new hazard.

What concerns me most about these displays of ignorance is that they can do only harm to the important cause of ending the nuclear arms race. There are plenty of good arguments for ending the tests. Why invoke unsound scientific ones?

Tom Margerison

Home Hill
Hextable, Kent

Sir,—Surely your article 'The Deadly Mist', does less than justice to the Pentagon and other quarters, military and political, that still obstruct agreement on the total ending of all nuclear weapon tests. The risks that haunt them are not technical and military. These are only the pretext. They do not really imagine, in face of the technical facts and the logic inherent in the position—admirably stated in the article referred to—that a faithless signatory could get away with any substantial advantage. To suppose they do would be unfairly to underrate their intelligence. What does alarm them is the probability than an agreement on this separate subject, so easy to control, so obviously successful when in operation, would whet the public appetite for others, and reduce the mistrust on which alone depends public consent for the vast arms expenditures of the Cold War. This anxiety is a perfectly natural one, and sound, on the basis of their premise of the 'inevitability' of an armed conflict. The 'risks' they honestly fear—which Dulles has called 'a lowering of our guard'—are not those consequent on an agreement violated but on an agreement kept.

Until they understand this, and its implications, those who want to see tests stopped are liable to misdirect their effort.

Ivor Montagu

Verdure Close
Garston, Hertfordshire

Sir,—You want to know how to survive an H-bomb raid? How to cope with radio-activity doubling every year? Listen to these 'experts'.

Wing-Commander Marshall, Chief, UK Warning Organisation 'Grab five kettles of water and get below is the most sensible advice to give people.'

Professor Maynard, University of London: '. . . it is very easy by slightly changing one's eating habits to change by large factors the amount of radioactivity one takes in per day.' He suggests omitting breakfast cereals, tea and brazil nuts, all 'surprisingly active'.

For those who have laid in a good store of brown paper the above information may be consoling.

Ronald Gray

93 Chippenham Road, W9

Sir,—Are you not being a little unrealistic? May not the strontium fall out be Providence's naturally selective answer to the population problem? Instead of upsetting Rome by discovering a natural contraceptive, or ourselves by practising the unnatural vice of chastity, the scientific thing to do would be to increase the strontium fall out and leave everything in the beneficient lap of Natural Selection.

Richard Hope

The Thatched Cottage
East Harting, Petersfield

THE PRINTING DISPUTE

Sir,—I would be grateful for the opportunity to comment on one or two of the statements made in your correspondence columns last week by Mr L. E. Kenyon, Director of the British Federation of Master Printers.

He repeats a cry with which we are very familiar when he says that the employers 'are willing to have arbitration and they cannot understand why the unions have not accepted this course'. Mr Kenyon, as he wrote those lines, knew very well why the unions do not consider that arbitration is a way out of the present situation. It is over five months now since the unions in the collective hours and wages movement notified the employers of the claim, and they have consistently refused to move from a position of total rejection. Arbitration should surely only be considered when negotiations have broken down; but the truth of the matter is that negotiations have never started. The employers refuse to sit around the conference table to try to find what progress can be made towards a mutually satisfactory settlement of the unions' claims. It is, we believe, far better that the industry should try to settle its own differences rather than rush off, as the employers suggest, to 'outside' arbitrators who, however capable and with the best will in the world, cannot know the complexities of our industry as well as those who spend their lives in it.

In giving reasons in his letter why the employers say they are unable to reduce working hours (even by the one hour which he admits was promised thirteen years ago), Mr Kenyon says 'the industry is still short of 1,500 craftsmen'. We asked the employers where these vacancies were and we found that these figures, like so many they have submitted to try to answer our case, greatly misrepresent the position. Our unions keep day-to-day registers of men and women available for work and for very many years have co-operated closely with local employers in filling vacancies, but we found that they knew nothing of hundreds of these so-called unfilled jobs. Many others had already been filled and there were cases, too, where the unions had members unemployed who would have been very glad to accept work. You will not be surprised that the unions totally reject the employers' assessment of the labour situation; they are quite convinced that a 40-hour week can be introduced along with a wage increase.

G. G. Eastwood
General Secretary
Printing and Kindred Trades Federation
60 Doughty St

Campaign for
NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

BEACONSFIELD
The Council Chamber Tuesday, May 12th
8.15 p.m.
Rev. Michael Scott

NORWICH
Stuart Hall, Wednesday, May 13th, 7.30 p.m.
Diana Collins
Dr. John Weston Wells

UXBRIDGE
Co-operative Hall, Windsor Street
Wednesday afternoon, May 13th
Anne Clark

OXFORD
Union Debating Hall, Friday, May 15th, 8 p.m.
The Bishop of Llandaff
John Horner
Benn Levy
A.J.P. Taylor

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THE MARCH OF CONQUEST

SIR,—I agree with Mr Nigel Nicolson 'that Rundstedt's memory was not reliable'. In my experience of exploring history I have found that no man's memory is reliable, least of all that of commanders or statesmen when dealing retrospectively with events in which they took a leading part.

If Mr Nicolson had referred to the revised and enlarged 1951 edition of my book *The Other Side of the Hill*, which corrected and supplemented the German generals' evidence from documents by then available, he would have seen that these discounted and eliminated the statement of Rundstedt's which he quotes in his letter in last week's issue. (This later, revised, summary of the German evidence is still available in a paperback edition by Panther Books.)

The main point of my letter, in your issue of 25 April, was to make clear the essential difference between Rundstedt's momentary 'halt and close up' order on 23 May 1940, and Hitler's definite 'stop' order on 24 May. The first applied only for 'tomorrow', as all the war diary entries show. It also applied only to the main bodies and did not stop the spearheads pushing on—as Mr Nicolson himself recognises in his paragraph 2.

Rundstedt's cautious inclination to pause may have encouraged Hitler to issue his 'Fuehrer Order' to stop. But Rundstedt's caution was no more than an opportune support to Hitler's will—in overriding the orders of Brauchitsch and Halder, the Army Commander-in-Chief and the Chief of the General Staff, for pushing on immediately to Dunkirk. It was the 'Fuehrer Order' that was decisive in producing the three-day stop on the canal line—thus giving the British the chance to escape—and for that Hitler, as the Supreme Commander, was solely and plainly responsible.

It is most significant that neither Hitler nor Jodl, his immediate military adviser, even cited Rundstedt's view or initiative among the reasons, and excuses, they gave for the stop-order when it came under criticism after the British had escaped from Dunkirk. They would almost certainly have done so if they had regarded it as having 'merely confirmed' Rundstedt's order of 23 May for a day's pause in the advance, or as having had any important influence on the decision to stop. Hitler was very ready to blame his generals for any mistakes, while Jodl would have been the more inclined to cite Rundstedt's view and initiative as a support because the latter's judgment on operational matters was held in such high respect among the German generals, and would have gone far to silence criticism of the 'Fuehrer Order' of 24 May.

The British official history failed to see the essential difference between the two orders, and overrated the importance of the first. It also scornfully dismissed 'the story, propounded later, that Hitler wished to let the British Expeditionary Force escape'. Even Mr Telford Taylor, in his recent book, says that the 'story that Hitler wanted to let the British down easily, in the hope that they might more willingly make peace . . . seems to be based on little more than gossip, and is quite incredible. . . .' Yet Hitler's last testament, dictated in 'Berlin: February 1945', and now just brought to light, bears out the statement of Rundstedt's staff about what Hitler said when visiting their headquarters in May 1940, before Dunkirk. At the least, it proves that their statements had a greater basis than 'gossip', and were not invented—'to cover up their share of responsibility for the stop-order'. Although Hitler's 1945 note is not definite proof of his 1940 intention, it bears out their recollection of what he said at the time—and any such uncertainty of purpose was a hindrance to resolute action.

B. H. LIDDELL HART

Medmenham
Marlow, Bucks

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—Allow me, on behalf of the Executive Committee (IRSS), its members and the majority of Iraqi students in this country, to express our gratitude and appreciation for your keen interest in our plight. May I, however, make the following remarks: The

THE TRAGEDY OF APARTHEID

The **South African Treason Trial** continues to drag along on its cruel course. With each success of the Defence the Prosecution thinks up some new way of prolonging the agony. The 30 who were brought before the special court set up in Pretoria last January still wait for their appeal against the indictment to be heard; and, though last month the same special court quashed the indictment against the remaining 61, the Prosecution has appealed against this judgment. At no stage has the Trial ever got beyond preliminary legal argument on points of law. And as the Trial drags on and on the suffering caused to the accused and their dependants grows greater and greater. That such cat and mouse misery should be deliberately inflicted by a civilized country in the twentieth century seems incredible; but, alas, this Trial is symbolic of the inhumanity to which those who believe in apartheid can be driven.

The Defence and Aid Fund alone has stood between the accused and utter distress for themselves and their dependants. But we have now received a most urgent appeal from South Africa for more money—for a sum of money far in excess of what we have so far been able to send. This money is wanted for three purposes. First, it would be dreadful if these unhappy people should not continue to be adequately defended; secondly, we must have further large sums in hand for the support of their families and—if that should ever be possible—for their eventual rehabilitation: thirdly, the Bishop of Johannesburg and his Committee wish to be in a position to provide defence and aid in other similar trials designed to destroy non-violent resistance to apartheid. This is a debt that white humanity owes to black humanity; and what should we feel like if we refused to pay that debt?

The reader of this advertisement has almost certainly contributed already. We now want him to contribute again, and more than before—the Prosecution in South Africa is tenaciously persisting in its inhumanity; let us persist as tenaciously n our humanity.

Will you please send your maximum contribution (cheques payable to Christian Action, please) to the **Secretary, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4?**

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HAROLD WILSON
BARBARA WOOTTON

other society (ISS) alleges that a leading member of our society is the son of a fabulously rich feudalist whose lands have been confiscated. This member has, in fact, been an ardent Socialist and an Arab nationalist long before the 14 July revolution in Iraq, when the monarchist machinery of terror was still in full operation. We are not to inhuman as to judge a son by his father's deeds. A man is responsible only for his own actions. But if we follow their crippled logic, how could they justify the fact that two ex-presidents in their society were the sons of ministers who actually occupied posts in Cabinets headed by Nuri es-Said? . . . They now accuse us of being royalists, saying at the same time that we are Nasserites working against Iraq. This contradiction is obvious. We have expressed our loyalty to our revolution and republic very vocally. But we demand genuine democracy and Arab solidarity.

Hazim T. Mushtak

Merton College
Oxford

Sir, – In your issue of 25 April you give a misleading picture of the Iraqi Students movement in this country.

The Iraqi Students Society is and has always been a non-political body. Any reference to the political affiliations of its members is therefore irrelevant. In the past, some members of our society were persecuted not 'to force them to desist from political activities inimicable to the regime', but to weaken and disband our society. I should add that such measures were taken against all democratic organisations.

The 'division' of the movement to which you refer as the breaking of the 'nationalist wing' is unreal. The majority of the members of the self-styled IRSS were either never members of ISS or joined it on the eve of its last congress in December. The action taken by the Iraqi government must be seen in this context.

Further, your remarks about the 'bitter resentment' by the great majority of Iraqi students 'of the totalitarian tactics' of the government cannot be backed by any evidence. In fact, Iraqi students, at home and abroad, have reasons to be grateful to the government for their help and encouragement and for the guarantees of the freedom of organisation and of their civil liberties. They certainly do not 'welcome an impartial inquiry'.

M. D. A. Hussain

37 King Street, WC2

MAP OF TIBET

Sir, – Although it is true that the incorporation of the former Nationalist Province of Sikang into Szechwan (see your comment of 18 April) was announced in October 1955, it was clear that all of Western Sikang (the Chamdo region) would be returned to Tibet.

Recent Chinese Communist maps confirm that this was done, the boundary being largely the Chinsha River, the 'Gold Sand' upper reaches of the Yangtse, celebrated in Mao's poem on the Long March. As with so many Communist border changes, the boundary thus restored between Tibet and Szechwan is that of the Ch'ing Dynasty.

E. A. Huck

Melbourne University

GHANA SOCIALISTS

Sir, – Basil Davidson in his article 'Ideas for Africa' correctly observed: 'Even more useful in the long run, perhaps, will be the circulation of ideas: of the ideas, primarily, by which the rest of the world tries to run itself.'

It is with such an aim in view, i.e., 'the circulation of views', that a group of Ghanaian Socialists have organised themselves into a Ghana Socialist Society.

The Society is non-partisan and includes among its members supporters of the government party, CPP, as well as the opposition United Party. It is also uncommitted to any particular brand of Socialism and members range from Marxists to right-wing Socialists. It is hoped that from its discussions members will broaden and deepen their knowledge of, and faith in, Socialism.

More information can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Mr Fredua Mensah, 1, Vere Mansions, W2.

D. K. Afreh

THE CRITICS OF LAWRENCE

Sir, – Mr Lionel Henderson is right about the late W. L. George having been the first to discover that (thanks to a coarse review by James Douglas) *The Rainbow* had been withdrawn and was to be prosecuted. The story of the prosecution is an odd one. Among other things it cost my mother her job on the *Glasgow Herald* (she had written a favourable notice) and was responsible for the non-publication in the *Times Literary Supplement* of a notice by Walter de la Mare which was already in proof when the book was withdrawn.

John Carswell

20 New End, NW3

TRUNCATED TROLLOPE

Sir, – In his review of Professor Booth's book on Trollope Mr Arthur Mizener remarks that the Oxford University Press has betrayed us all by discontinuing the publication of its edition of Trollope. I write as one of the sufferers from that betrayal with a truncated row of books on my shelves instead of the complete edition of Trollope's works which I had confidently expected. In effect a great university press has defaulted on an implied contract. I should like to know how the OUP justifies this decision.

H. A. Morrice

Picknells, Stoke-by-Nayland

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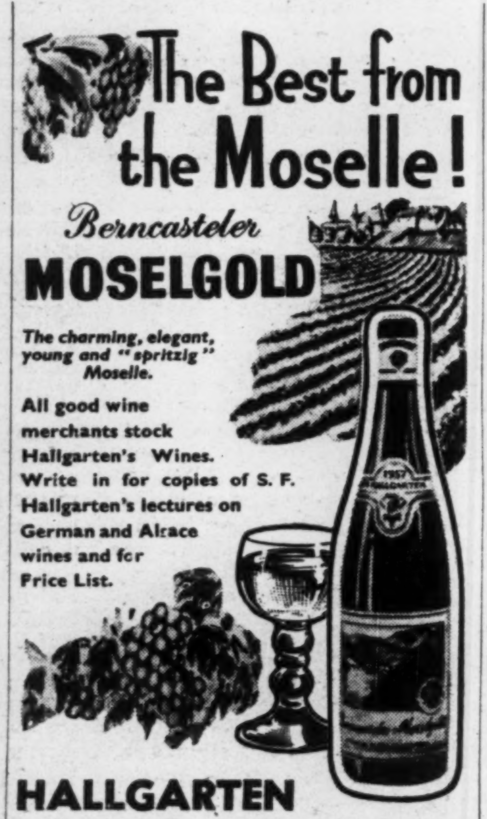

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Writing for Children

Enid Blyton

I think most children's writers would agree that the first essential in writing for children is the ability to tell a good story. The true storyteller has a natural sense of drama, plenty of humour and fun, a feeling for the right words, and an ability to make his characters live – to be, in fact, so real that some young readers imagine them to be alive, and will even write to the author for a character's address as he would 'like to have him as a pen-friend'! Story-tellers are born, not made – one can learn to *write*, but one can never learn to be a story-teller.

Like most children's authors I am often asked for help by would-be writers for boys and girls. The first questions I ask are, 'Do you *like* children? Are you with them a good deal? Do you really understand their mentality, so different from ours? Do you remember your own childhood clearly? What age do you wish to write for – the tinies – the middle ages of childhood – or the older ones? All are quite different, and must therefore be catered for differently'.

I myself love all ages, and write for every age from two-and-a-half to the teens. I consider that in that span of childhood there are (for me) at least four different stages for which to write, and each stage must have the vocabulary, plot, characterisation and presentation it needs and is ready for – though there is, of course, a certain amount of overlapping of the various ages.

Should children's writers feel conscious of a didactic purpose when writing story-books for children (as distinct from educational books)? No – they shouldn't feel *conscious* of it – for a true children's writer, with his natural love for children and clear understanding of the child-mind cannot help unconsciously teaching the things he himself believes in; a writer who is a lover of nature puts his love and delight into his stories, and his ideas and affections are absorbed naturally by the child, who is no more conscious of being taught than the author is of teaching. It is the same with morals, which are much better absorbed unconsciously from a book written by an understanding writer, than by being pointed, or forced.

Children's authors cannot help exerting an influence over children, and the greater the readership, the greater the responsibility – a sobering thought. I myself, like many other authors, was very conscious of this fact when I first began writing and decided that I *must* have some training in writing for children – but what training for a writer was there, that would cover all the ages of children, their psychology, their likes and dislikes, their vocabularies, and even morals? None! So I did the next best thing, and took the three-year Froebel training for teachers – the best-spent years of my life, to which I owe a large part of any success I have had.

I have no fanciful, high-flown ideas concerning writing for children. I have been a teacher, and I am a mother – these experiences, allied to a passion for story-telling, have brought me great happiness and fulfilment. I do not write as I know some authors are forced to do, 'to express some side of myself repressed in ordinary life'. Writing *is* my ordinary life – writing for all ages of children, taking a score of different themes as varied as a child's needs. I am not really interested in writing for adults, and confess I find it more difficult to write this short article, than to write a 40,000-word book for children!

William Mayne

I spend hours in the garden trying to get the buttercups out of the Michaelmas daisies; but outside the garden I spend other hours taking the same daisies out of the same buttercups, under the wild hedge. There is nothing absolute about either activity, looking at them one against the other. But looked at in another way they are both actions that please me: to please myself is an absolute thing. I write things down to please myself. I don't care who reads them. When I have written them I feel that I have read them, which is all I wanted to do. How pleasant, I think, to read a story of such and such. Of course, often, re-reading, I find bits that weren't like that in the book, as it were. All I want to do is please myself as a reader. I am not aware of any grave differences between me and an adult and me and a child, so how can I tell which I write for? Neither party exists, I fancy, child or adult.

If I feel repressed I don't take it out of the reader, because that is ultimately feed-back (I am the reader): I go and dig pits in the garden. It is mysterious to find the rocks just below. Sometimes broddling with a crowbar in a crevice I find an underground river, and that satisfactorily symbolises any repressions. I do not know what didactic purpose has to do with writing. No doubt there is a place for inscriptions so tinged. If writing could be didactic then surely enough writing has been done by now to fit us out until the coming of the Coqcigrues. What point is there in being didactic to myself, in any case?

James Reeves

When I was eleven I began reading and writing 'adult' poems – that is, poems with no limitation as to the age of the supposed reader. When I was nearly forty, and not before, I began writing for children. 'For' is misleading: one doesn't write *for* anyone, one writes *from* oneself. The self from which children's poems come and that from which adult poems come are one and the same. But in writing 'for children' I use the less sophisticated and mature part of myself, the part that has become mislaid or overlaid in the process of growing and maturing. Writing children's poems is thus a rediscovery of my own past and a relief from the present, a setting aside of adult emotions and problems.

It is not easy to put one's mature self aside; and, in fact, I have only written children's poems during three brief periods. The only other isolated attempt I made to write a single children's poem for a particular purpose proved disastrous. It seems as if each of my books of children's poems was written when there was a vein of forgotten experience to be explored; when the vein was exhausted, the poems ran out. My first book contained 49 pieces, and not for anything could I have then written a fiftieth.

Yet the partition between the selves that write adult and children's poems is probably a thin one. One of the poems in my second collection is called *The Statue*, and begins:

On a stone chair in the market-place
Sits a stone gentleman with a stone face.

Another, *The Toadstool Wood*, was composed at the same time. But it seemed that the experience behind these two was not exhausted; in fact, writing them evidently stimulated a further exploration on the adult plane, for almost immediately I wrote an adult poem in which the two ideas merged: *The Stone Gentleman* begins:

Let us move the stone gentleman to the toadstool wood:
Too long has he disapproved in our market-place.

Another way of looking at children's poems is to regard them as technical exercises. This is perhaps the reason why I did not write for children until I was old enough to feel confidence in my verse technique. With relatively simple subject-matter it is possible to concentrate more closely on questions of diction and rhythm.

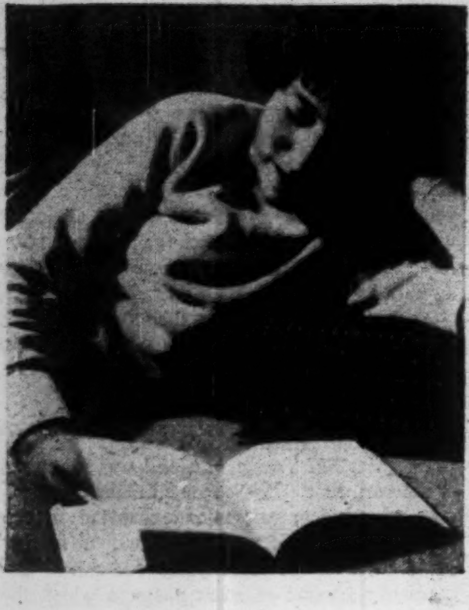
In what sense are children's poems 'simpler' than adult poems? The latter, it seems to me, are concerned with more individualised and personalised situations. The emotions in children's poems are vaguer and more general. Children's poems should be like folk-poems – not indeed in outward form but in this habit of dealing with unparticularised feeling. At the 'folk' stage in a people's history there is little, if any, difference between what is meant for children and what is meant for adults. There is no 'children's art' because all are children. So perhaps it is nearest the truth to regard anything composed 'for children' by a modern writer as coming from a 'folk' stage in his own mental history, temporarily recovered or rediscovered.

Geoffrey Trease

Why (apart from the money) write for children?

Some, like Carroll and Grahame, have done so because they rejected or at least regretted the adult world, and sought relief in an imaginative relapse into childhood. Myself, though, I find the adult world a splendid – if often terrible – thing. I have a quite old-fashioned urge to tell the new boys about it, to communicate information and enthusiasm, re-create the past, interpret the present, and help them understand their surroundings and themselves. Didactic? Perhaps. But such is the grand tradition of English juvenile literature.

That tradition needs continual renewal. I began writing in 1933, when 'healthy reading' meant copious carnage, torture to taste, but no hint of heterosexual emotion. We had to change



Not only for girls . . .

But for boys as well. New Bodley Head children's books cover a wide age range and cater for many different tastes. *Line of Attack* (10s. 6d.) by Michael Bourguignon is an original adventure story set in France, translated by John Buchanan-Brown and illustrated by Geraldine Spence. *Four Wheel Drift* (10s. 6d.) by Bruce Carter is a vividly realistic tale of motor racing. And *The Dog that Marched to Moscow* (12s. 6d.) by Ernest A. Gray is a tense and authentic account of Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812. For younger children Anita Hewett has written some more delightful jungle tales in *A Hat for Rhinoceros* (8s. 6d.), illustrated by Margery Gill. Helen Clare continues her amusing adventures of Elizabeth Small and her dolls in *Five Dolls and Their Friends* (8s. 6d.), illustrated by Cecil Leslie. David Severn writes an unusual and moving country story, *Foxy-Boy* (10s. 6d., May 25), illustrated by Lynton Lamb. And Eleanor Estes introduces *The Moffats* (11s. 6d., May 25), that irrepressible American family, to English children at last.

Bodley Head

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

the Henty-style 'With-Bible-and-Bayonet' adventure-story. I wanted to provide antidotes against romanticised history, snobbery, jingoism, and racial superiority, which, together with a glorification of war and the equation of violence with virility, remained the unquestioned values for young readers long after they had been laughed out of existence in the novel. In my enthusiasm, I fear I was sometimes as much a propagandist as the other side. I see now that a sentimentalised serf is no better than a sentimentalised aristocrat, and a children's author should maintain the same professional ethic as the teacher. The truth is his concern, not counter-propaganda.

I began with the idea of writing (with certain reservations) just as I would for adults. This idea proved fallacious, but it saved me from the mistake of writing down. Prose for children *can* be rich and beautiful (vocabulary is the least problem) but usually it needs to be more direct, concrete and literal. Too much metaphor muddles them. Dead metaphor (which adults hardly notice) *is* deadly. One can seldom indulge in the pleasures of irony or satire or those oblique allusions which enhance the enjoyment of sophisticated prose. I don't say the child never, like his parent, appreciates having something left to his imagination, but I think he generally demands definition and completeness. At the same time the story has to move. He doesn't want those leisurely explorations of character and motive which may give a novel its depth and significance. I know that, when I finish a children's book and start writing a novel, I feel along with the heavier weight of the bigger job a sense of relaxation, of having time and space to spread myself, of using fresh muscles and resting others. Both kinds of writing are full of fascination and stimulus (my personal ideal is to alternate them), but they are certainly different. As the French deputy cried, in another context: *Vive la différence!*

Science and Information

Adventure of the Air. By James Fisher. *Rathbone Books.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Cosmic View. By Kees Boeke. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Space Travel. By G. V. Groves. *E.S.A.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Lighthouses. By Rosemary Garland. *E.S.A.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Inland Waterways. By L. T. C. Rolt. *E.S.A.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Animal Travellers. By Marie Neurath. *Parrish.* 7*s.*

The Junior True Book of Honeybees. By John Llewellen. *Muller.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Coal. By Eric Baxter. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

These books have one thing in common: they are accounts of parts of science and technology either explicitly intended for children, or suitable for children although intended for adults as well. Whatever the audience aimed at, we can ask three things of popular science: it should be attractively presented, it should be clearly written, and it should be accurate. Here lies an apparent difficulty: attractive presentation sometimes requires that enthusiasm should be allowed to override those qualifications on which the pedantic might insist. The difficulty is seldom serious if we keep a sense of proportion. When James Fisher writes: '. . . we may be sure that there are other planets with air like ours, and creatures who can defeat the Russians at chess', we all know that neither we nor James Fisher can be sure of any such thing, and his remark just shows how delighted he is with the richness of the universe. It would, however, be nice to see a notice, like that printed in front of some novels to insist that their characters are fictitious, pointing out that some science is securely founded on observation and some is more speculative, and that the reader may have to sort out which is which for himself.

James Fisher's book, *Adventure of the Air*, succeeds magnificently in attractive presentation, both in the text and in the pictures. It covers the basic facts about the earth and the air, the evolution in living things of the ability to fly, the development of our scientific understanding of the air and the techniques of flight, and it touches on the exploration of space. The text of the biological chapters is excellent, and the rest are brightly written and essentially correct. The illustrations are mostly first-rate and some of them are outstanding. Parents could buy this book for their children and look at it with pleasure themselves.

Rutherford once said that when he learned that some alpha particles were scattered backwards from thin metal foils, he found the news 'almost as incredible as if you had fired a 15in shell at a piece of tissue paper and it had come back and hit you'. These surprising scattering results led him to put forward the theory of the nuclear atom. The clear picture he had of what 'ought to happen' in the atomic world, which enabled him to appreciate their importance, depended on a sense of scale. Only if we acquire some such sense of scale can we appreciate the scientific description of the organisation of matter at levels beyond our normal experience. Kees Boeke, a Dutch schoolmaster, has had the happy idea of helping us to acquire this sense by providing a series of pictures, each one differing in scale from the next by a power of ten. So we start from a girl in a deck chair, and work our way up from a plan of her immediate surroundings to a large-scale map, to a small-scale map, and so on to the earth, the solar system and the galaxy. In the other direction, we go down through biological structure on the microscopic scale, to crystal and atomic structure. On the appropriate pictures are shown the wavelengths of different types of electromagnetic radiation, from wireless waves to gamma rays. Although simple in concept, *Cosmic View* does demand a degree of sophistication or careful study from its reader, and the author makes detailed suggestions for how to use it in teaching. It should provide a valuable framework for school science, and will interest both scientist and layman.

Space travel is fashionable, and a sound elementary book on its science and technology for the non-mathematical is therefore useful. Dr Groves does not set out to dazzle, but to present facts clearly. The diagrams are good, the photographs well chosen, and the price reasonably low. *Lighthouses* and *Inland Waterways* also give satisfactory accounts, specifically for children (of about 10-13), of their subjects. The text, particularly of *Inland Waterways*, is good. All three books, however, suffer from two defects. One is neglect of economics, which should be inseparable from technology. It is almost as if it were considered indecent to mention sums of money in front of the children. We all have to pay for things, and we ought to begin early to learn what they are likely to cost: particularly space travel. The other is the standard of reproduction of the photographs, which is far too low.

What parent has not suffered the agony of having to read aloud some intolerably stupid book to a child who unaccountably finds it fascinating? Books which parents may have to read aloud ought to conform to an exacting dual standard: they must be interesting enough to keep the parent amused and clear enough to sustain the child's interest. *Animal Travellers* and *The Junior True Book of Honeybees* both pass this severe test. The text is appreciated by the six-year-old, and the pictures are well drawn.

These books are examples of how well the job can be done, but they appear to be rare. *Coal* is an example of the reverse; it is one of a series called *Study Books*, and it looks it. The illustrations are dull, the text is patronising, not reliably accurate, and even duller than the illustrations. *Study Books* are said to be written specially for seven to ten-year-olds by experienced teachers. I had no seven to ten-year-olds handy for experimental purposes, but my six-year-old son, who is fascinated by the coal mine at the Science Museum, also found *Coal* a bore. Is it justifiable to suggest that enthusiasts for a subject are better at putting it over than professional teachers who have had to read it up for the purpose?

T. L. COTTRELL

Henty and After

Beric the Briton; Under Drake's Flag. By G. A. HENTY. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

Gold of the Snow Geese. By PETER KNIGHT. *Nelson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Quest for Gold. By GEOFFREY HORNE. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Wickham and the Armada. By HENRY TREECE. *Hulton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Dog that Marched to Moscow. By ERNEST A. GRAY. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Captain of Foot. By RONALD WELCH. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Duke, Richard the Fearless. By CHARLOTTE M YONGE. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

Boys like rough action; in the days of yore people bashed each other about more promiscuously and more personally than today; a taste for violence may be emasculated by reading romance. Some such thoughts (as well as royalties) may have inspired these books; but they vary a good deal in the rawness and reality with which the physical facts of violence are presented.

Henty fills his ponderous old pages with detail and drama. Beric the Briton is a home-counties youth at the time of Nero. Having learnt Roman technique and leadership as a hostage, he assumes command of his tribe in a general uprising (Henty dwells more on methods of training than the blood of battle); is forced first to the fens and then into captivity; is consigned to a school of gladiators, but saves himself from the arena by rescuing a Christian maiden – he strangles a lion barehanded. Nero rewards him with the post of secretary-cum-bodyguard (like many heroes of boys' books, Beric combines a taste for reading with a talent for fisticuffs). But the wickedness of the court compels him to flee; he leads a further revolt, marries a Christian, and is finally pardoned by Galba and appointed to a governorship. This may be educative, but is a bit remote.

Under Drake's Flag is more immediate. It opens not with a conversation (like *Beric*) but with a rousing sea rescue; the boys sail with Drake; get cast away; lead a native insurrection; return, and sail again; are marooned in Patagonia,

from 'The Holiday Trench'

POLICE NOTICE

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Judith M. Berrisford
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10s 6d

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Paul Capon
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HOLLY BOURNE
The enchanting story of a tiny, mischievous mermaid discovered one day on a fishmonger's slab. *Illus.* 10s 6d.

Circus in the Snow
ROSEMARY L. DAVIS
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★ *Please write to Faber and Faber Ltd., 24 Russell Square, London, WC1 for a complete list of Books for the Young* ★

and cross the Andes to the Pacific; are enmeshed by the Inquisition, but succeed in rejoining Drake, and sail with him to the Indies, where they are for a time worshipped as tribal gods; they finally make their way back to England by a further set of curious chances. *Sangfroid* is impeccable; the language is fustian.

Gold of the Snow Geese is, if anything, still more improbable. It is about a voyage for gold hidden in an Arctic never-never land. The book is dominated by a paranoiac doctor who knows the whereabouts and the magic of the forgotten people; but he is thwarted by the quick valour of the hero, the happy discovery of simples to cure the colic of a suspicious chief, and, ultimately, by the forces of nature: a volcano erupts and 'a hissing, crackling deluge of molten stone smote down man and beast into a shapeless heap that twitched and sizzled hideously'.

Quest for Gold is much more stylish. The close-knit plot concerns buried pirate's treasure; there is capture and recapture at sea (the hero, in the first person, slices off a man's arm); escapades in the African jungle; and a series of thrills round the treasure-trove itself. There is, moreover, a little love interest – 'she was young, beautiful, too finely dressed for a common wench, with a rope of pearls at her throat'. She sees her father butchered, and her hero fight the villain to a finish: 'My point took him over the heart, penetrating deep, and his lips moved as it was going in'. Strong stuff.

The hero of *Wickham and the Armada* starts by poaching in Gloucestershire; runs away to the London underworld; gets involved in the theatre and the Babington plot; fights with Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen; becomes a highwayman; is captured by the Inquisition, but then released for use as their agent; is introduced at the court of Philip II, chats with Cervantes and Lope de Vega, and crosses swords with Guy Fawkes; returns to England aboard a galleon in the Armada, forces the ship to Tilbury, where he is knighted by 'Tudor Bess'. As if this were not enough, William Shakespeare holds his horse at the theatre. Blood pulses, and the pace is tremendous.

Ernest Gray's *The Dog that Marched to Moscow* is, happily, less about the regimental dog than about an army doctor. This would seem to raise in an acute form the problem of pain; but the horrors are prettified away by the humours of French braggadocio: the colonel has his arm amputated on the field: 'He sighed sadly: "I fear I shall find it difficult to take snuff in future!"' A sub-plot of love across the lines contributes to the golden glow.

Ronald Welch's *Captain of Foot* is an infantry officer in Wellington's Peninsular campaign. His adventures, vividly derived from contemporary sources, are kept in some relation to the war as a whole. He even has the beginnings of a character: he dislikes the discomfort and boredom of war; he worries about his professional prospects and the responsibilities of command; and, naturally, he reads Scott and Byron on the battlefield. A landlocked young Hornblower, both his technicalities and his temperament are made interesting. This is much the best book of the batch; as William Stobbs's illustrations to it are the best illustrations.

To end with a sweetly pretty parable against violence. *The Little Duke* (shoddily reissued by Oxford) shows a boy's patience under affliction, the taming of his over-weening Norman spirit, and a last improving incident from his old age; we see nothing of the feats that won him the name of the 'fearless'. The charm of the tale won't do much to help anyone's repressions.

C. S. Bennett

Stories of Other Lands

Pico and the Silver Mountain. By Margaret Phelps. *Hutchinson.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Chucaro. By Francis Kalnay. *Macmillan.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Danger in the Everglades. By Frederick W. Keith. *Abelard-Schuman.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Rafferty Takes to Fishing. By Joan Woodberry. *Parrish.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Nkwala. By Edith Lambert Sharp. *Dent.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Judy and Lakshmi. By Naomi Mitchison. *Collins.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Catrin in Wales. By Mabel Esther Allan. *Bodley Head.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Amanda Goes to Italy. By Mabel Esther Allan. *Hutchinson.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

There is a wealth of children's literature designed to teach painless geography in the guise of a story; and up to a point this is good. But a story should flow easily, and if everything the hero sees or wears or eats is set out in full we grow weary while we wait for him to move. Surely what we want for our children is the pleasure of a good tale, and a ready sympathy for children of other lands, so that they put themselves easily and instinctively in other people's sandals, moccasins, or boots.

Such demands cut down the number of suitable books, but there are still some left from which to choose. First, there are two pleasant stories for the under-twelves. *Pico* is a little Nahua Indian boy from Mexico City, who makes his way on foot to the silver mines in the distant hills; he is a nice child, and his adventures are quickly our concern. *Chucaro* is a little wild colt on the Argentine Pampas, who is caught and tamed by young Pedro; one can feel the boy's love and pride in his horse and the colt's eagerness to be off across the great open plains.

From South America we move up to the States for the cream of the whole selection. *Danger in the Everglades* is a splendid and vigorous story, set in the jungles of Florida and its deep subtropical swamps. Young Steve and two companions set off in search of his parents, who have been lost in a hurricane some way up Shark River. The children travel in a mechanical elephant, made by Steve and his father and conveniently left in the garage when his parents started their trip. A real elephant-hide encloses a little cabin, which is fitted with seats and bunks and lights and everything else you could want; and the whole is propelled by good strong batteries which force the beast through swamps and jungles impenetrable to any lesser craft. Mr Keith must have loved writing this book: it is all so carefully contrived, with clever little diagrams to show how the elephant works. And he certainly knows the country: we can feel the squelch as the elephant plods through the marshes, and hear the alligators opening and shutting their hungry jaws. We spend a day in a Seminole village deep in the wetness of the jungle. (Did you know that the Seminoles are technically at war with the United States, because someone once forgot to make a treaty of peace? It must be quite the friendliest war that ever was.) The whole book bristles with the laconic conversation of the modern American child, and there are thrills right up to the end.

Rafferty Takes to Fishing is another vigorously written tale of outdoor boys. The plot is much simpler – some young Australians take a new immigrant for a sail in the Pacific. It gives a vivid picture of the way these tough and cheerful children live, but if one were to identify oneself with the characters one would have to drop the book: it is hard to imagine that any of these young he-men ever takes the trouble to read. *Nkwala*, on the other hand, is for those children who can take a dose of the poetry of nature and courage stirred into an exciting tale. It tells of a young Spokane Indian who treks with his tribe to the shores of the Okanagan, that lovely lake in British Columbia that stretches for miles and miles and miles in the shadows of the Rockies.

Stories for girls are by convention more staid, but they, too, can be good in their way. *Judy and Lakshmi* is set in the heat and smells of Madras. There is plenty of local colour (perhaps too much at first) and by the end Judy is deeply involved in the problems of peasant India, and Lakshmi emerges as a striking Indian girl.

Mabel Esther Allan has added two more books to her output of stories for girls. *Catrin*, on leaving school, goes for a holiday to Wales and stays to make it her home. *Amanda*, in Italy, too tall for ballet any more, consoles herself by turning to writing instead. Lucky girl: she has the idea after supper, and her first book is fully planned, with Chapter One completed, before she goes to bed. Clearly she shares her creator's gift for speed. Girls in their early teens should enjoy Miss Allan's books. They pass on the atmosphere of places; they read easily; and they deal with the stirrings of first love. And you may give them to your god-daughter with an easy mind – young love for Miss Allan is as far removed from Sagan as anything possibly could be.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

Do They Need Pictures?

A Hat for Rhinoceros. By ANITA HEWETT. *Bodley Head.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Tim Rabbit and Company. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Pinky Pie. By ELEANOR ESTES. *Constable.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Cats of Winkle Bay. By JUDITH M. BERRISFORD. *Nelson.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Tabby Magic. By CÉCILE DE BANKE. *Hutchinson.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Shop round the Corner. By BARBARA EUPHAN TODD. **The Old Pony.** By DOROTHY CLEWES. **The Dreadful Boy.** By DIANA ROSS. *Hamilton.* 8*s*. 6*d*. *each.*

Bertram. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Hamilton.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

These are not picture-books, but the publishers have decided they needed pictures. How do the illustrations help? In *A Hat for Rhinoceros* they are vital. These invented legends, told with a fine ear for rhythm and repetition, read aloud perfectly; and Margery Gill's drawings give a child not yet used to ungarnished prose a series of pegs to hang the story on. Her beasts are wonderfully unselfconcious – the hatted rhinoceros, for instance, is charming and amusing because, like a real rhinoceros, he is quite unaware that he could charm or amuse – and they make one forgive the rather model-nursery morals of some of the tales.

A. E. Kennedy's illustrations to *Tim Rabbit and Company*, on the other hand, are a positive hindrance. His animals with their carefully slicked fur and 'Ooh look how funny I am!' postures are so nauseous that one wonders why such a reputable publisher and author can tolerate them. They so prejudiced me that I found Miss Uttley's 'homely magic' wearing thin and Tim Rabbit's high spirits rather forced.

Spring books from Oxford

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Featuring another member of the Carey family, this new historical novel by *Ronald Welch* is set in Spain at the time of the Peninsular War. 12s 6d net

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MARGARET PHELPS 'Children will . . . like the descriptions of Mexican life which fill the pages of this well-written book' TEACHERS WORLD 'Obvious knowledge of the setting' JOHN TOWNSEND, *Manchester Guardian* *Illus.* 10s. 6d.

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CÉCILE DE BANKE

'The perfect book for reading aloud to anyone up to eight' NAOMI LEWIS, *The Observer* 'whimsical and delightful' THE TIMES ED. SUPP. 'well-written attractive story' TEACHERS WORLD *Illus.* 10s. 6d.

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MABEL ESTHER ALLAN A novel for teenagers in a romantic Riviera background. 'Settings are evocative, people and situations fresh and credible' JEAN HOWARD, *The Observer* 9s. 6d.

Hester and the Gnomes

MARIGOLD HUNT

'This story is so beautifully told and illustrated . . . that it will captivate you even though you are many years older than six or seven' MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS 'delightful book for younger children' NEWCASTLE EV. CHRON. *Illus.* 9s. 6d.

Hutchinson

Ardizzone is the perfect illustrator for *Pinky Pie*. He fixes one's eye with quiet insistence that something vitally interesting is just about to happen. Eleanor Estes's old-fashioned tale, full of gentle virtues with which Americans are not often enough credited, is no less beguiling. All the people, not least the author, are immensely likeable, and the ornithologist's family on holiday is so convincingly established that one is ready to lap up a wildly improbable plot about a missing pygmy owl and a kitten that typewrites. Miss Estes writes about the things she likes, and though she may be a little weak on birds she certainly knows her cats far better than Miss Berrisford and Miss de Banke, who have written books about nothing else.

The hero of *The Cats of Winkle Bay* comes to a seaport and eventually voyages to France on a fishing-boat. He has plenty of adventures, all within the tidy limits of probability, and would never look twice at a typewriter. Maurice Wilson's formal drawings, very neat but unimaginative, fit the story to a T. Nora Unwin's pictures in *Tabby Magic* are less rigid and more appealing. One can't say the same of the sloppy text, in which the cats converse with endless whimsicality. 'Don't be put off, will you,' the blurb implores, 'by that word "magic"? Mary-Ann is no "magic" cat.' No, alas, she can do no more than the feeblest of conjuring tricks.

There is plenty of real magic and no whimsy in *The Shop Round the Corner*. The things that this delightfully ramshackle shop sells are never what they seem: starch that petrifies a gallant policeman in the path of a thief's car, sun-glasses whose wearer is always in the sun, and even self-raising flour that rises in a cloud and transports a family to Australia. Barbara Euphan Todd (creator of Worzel Gummidge) tells it all with immense gusto and conviction. The pictures don't contribute much, which is a pity since the rest of Hamilton's Reindeer and Antelope Books seem to be so well illustrated. They are also very good value. The Antelopes are relatively short with large type and plenty of good drawings at 6s. 6d. The Reindeers, at 8s. 6d., are longer and have panels of colour behind some of the pictures – why, except to run the publisher into needless expense, I can't imagine – but no doubt it's a matter of excogitated policy. Were it not for *The Shop Round the Corner* one might also suppose it to be a deliberate policy that all the stories should concern life as it is and not what one would like it to be. Unlike Miss Uttley's 'no ordinary rabbit', the families must all be ordinary people. Nothing must be said to offend the largest potential readership. The moral issues must be clear, and you can't buy anything until you have got the money out of your money-box.

The Old Pony, The Dreadful Boy and *Bertram* all obey these rules. *The Old Pony* (pictures only moderately good), in which three children kidnap a supposedly condemned milk-cart pony, does so least conspicuously. Diana Ross roots *The Dreadful Boy* (very good pictures), the story of a boy's loyalties to an attractive hooligan, so firmly in the world of 'Tizer' and the Odeon, and writes so well, that the romantic essence of her plot is all the more moving. *Bertram* is about an impossibly destructive shaggy dog whom all the children adore. The predicaments he gets them into are often very funny indeed. Noel Streatfeild has planked herself deliberately down in darkest suburbia and described it all approvingly without a hint of irony. She has lowered her sights to aim squarely at her supposed readers' tastes and values. Fortunately Margery Gill has done nothing of the kind. Her drawing of Marlene is no less candid than her rhinoceros. Apart from a vile binding the book is produced with very good taste. So it is all the more absurd of the author to be so careful not to improve the readers' tastes, when the publisher and the artist are doing their best to do so.

RICHARD GARNETT

Jobs for the Boys

Ken Jones, Electrical Engineer. By D. O. SUMMERS. *Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.*

Amanda 'n Floristry. By JANE SHERIDAN. *Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.*

Occupation for Kay. By NANCY MARTIN. *Macmillan. 9s.*

A Play to the Festival. By MABEL ESTHER ALLAN. *Heinemann. 10s. 6d.*

Music at Pendragon. By PAULA HARRIS. *Dent. 12s. 6d.*

Four Wheel Drift. By BRUCE CARTER. *Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.*

Spiked Shoes. By JIM PETERS and ROBERT J. HOARE. *Cassell. 10s. 6d.*

The trend, I gather, is for books *about* something. Your teen-ager isn't interested in mere story-telling any more, or so my niece Dorothy tells me. There's such a lot to learn, and so little time what with GCE and 'A' level, that even the novelist has to be pressed into service to advise on careers, or, if you're really letting your hair down, hobbies – *worth-while* hobbies.

So we get the careers series, an uneasy amalgam of information about jobs and some kind of fiction: adventurous for boys, romantic for girls. A task, one feels, that would have daunted even Balzac, yet some are remarkably successful, though the method has pitfalls. But let me quote from my own work in progress.

> Ted switched off the current and the pulsing flame of his crimping torch fluttered and died. Old Henry, noticing the silence, lowered his filching-hook and peered round the crouch distorter, raising his voice above its rhythmic thump.
>
> 'What's the matter, young Ted?' he queried.
>
> 'Do you see that man standing next to the lugwheel brace – the one that turns out three thousand lugwheels every seventeen minutes and works on Sonnenschein's Principle?' asked young Ted. 'Well, I saw him, yesterday, copying plans of the new bonking machine.'
>
> 'We'll have to keep an eye on him, then,' old Henry replied. 'But not just now, lad. Sir Reginald doesn't pay us just to sit here and gossip.'
>
> Young Ted blushed and picked up his crimping torch. 'How right he is,' he thought. 'These old craftsmen know it all.'

Another thing that bothers me, you see, is the sermonising. 'A fair day's work for a fair day's pay' is a good maxim, but it needs delicate handling if you want to make it into a novel, particularly a novel for adolescents. The class-attitude bothers me, too. I don't think I read one book that was written for working-class children, except for an unreadable excursion into the splendours and miseries of market-gardening.

Ken Jones, Electrical Engineer deals with an entirely worthy youth who attends a Modern School where – O tempora! O mores! – they take Latin to GCE standard. He enters an electrical engineering firm, and after years of unremitting toil, ends up as Deputy Chief Engineer and an AMIEE. One day he'll wonder if it was worth it. In *Amanda in Floristry* and *Occupation for Kay* the girls both take up their chosen careers despite stern warnings ('It's hard work, Amanda. It's often dull, dirty and uncomfortable.' 'It's a gruelling training, as you'll soon find out if you're accepted.') But of course they both were, and both did extremely well in their finals. They both kept their boy-friends too, though Kay was worried because Nigel didn't *believe* in occupational therapy and Amanda had a dreadful time when John was posted to Cyprus.

A Play to the Festival deals with the Edinburgh Festival and the struggles of a new verse play which succeeds, despite the critics, and to Flory Ronald's (our heroine's) joy. Flory is the most junior member of the play's cast, and very sweet. She gets her boy too, the only one in her life. All our heroines have only one boy in their lives, a thought which appals me. But I liked this book, which is written with affection and skill, though aspiring theatrical dames should remember that Flory got her big chance because (a) her aunt was playing the female lead and (b) a leading actress broke her leg.

Music at Pendragon deals, equally affectionately, with music at a summer school. A group of youngsters meet, play music, and enjoy themselves tremendously, and Miss Harris comunicates the enjoyment well, though she is as ruthless as Miss Allan when it comes to giving her heroines a chance. Soprano and pianist go down like ninepins so that Marian can sing and Elizabeth play. And why not? They played and sang jolly well.

Four Wheel Drift deals intelligently with the joys and heart-aches of motor-racing. Young Nick has to learn judgment and self-confidence, as well as motoring ability, before he can drive the 'Lioness' to victory in the Monaco Grand Prix. Moreover, Nick and his friends are credible characters, a fact which makes their car-racing problems not only bearable, but important. *Spiked Shoes* is, naturally, impeccable when it sticks to running, but very, very dull when it deals with anything else, even bag-snatching, even arson, even using a discus as a lethal weapon.

JAMES MITCHELL

Great-Aunts Galore

Auntie Robbo. By ANN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Thumbstick. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Daffodil Bird. By RUTH TOMALIN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Silver Pencil. By PATRICIA WARD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Good American Witch. By PEGGY BACON. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Seven Days' Wonder. By ELIZABETH DENYS. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Lucky Lure at Arrow Point. By MARY DAEM. *Abelard-Schuman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dragon in Danger. By ROSEMARY MANNING. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Pied Piper of Medenham. By NORMAN DALE. *Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Is it to the Geriatric Unit that we must look in future for high spirits? As a story, *Auntie Robbo* is almost as picaresque as *Kim*. In place of the Lama, however, there is Hector's 81-year-old great-grand-aunt who dresses like Sherlock Holmes. Auntie Robbo and Hector are on the run from Hector's step-mother, Melissa; and no wonder, for Melissa smells of mothballs and has 'a creeshie white face'. Soon Auntie is leading a band of youngsters on a trail which hilariously ends on the remote Isle of Shanna.

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SIA
lives on Kilimanjaro

Photographed by **Anna Riwkin-Brick** and with text by **Astrid Lindgren,** this delightful story of a day in the life of a little East African girl, will be published next Thursday. It belongs to a Methuen series of photographic books: **True Life Stories**, in which young people can catch a glimpse of how children live in other parts of the world. **8s 6d**

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In *The Thumbstick* Great-great Aunt Airey, aged 99, always demands a half ticket on the bus. She comes to stay in the old Yorkshire farmhouse, and her presence has an abiding effect upon the lives of the farmer, his wife and schoolboy son. Kit, the handyman, dislikes Mrs Airey:

> She was one to strike you into order sharper than the Queen, and I'm glad she wasn't that, or she'd have had my head off if she didn't like my face and expect me to work quicker without.

A shadow, however, has fallen across the inmates of the farmhouse: the lawyer has found deeds which threaten their claim to their old home. Will they have to leave it? All hinges upon the possession of the Thumbstick: found after an exciting hunt, it ensures that the farmhouse will belong to the family for the rest of their lives.

The Daffodil Bird is a peach of a book. Because their parents are abroad, Robert, Kate and Derry must stay on at school during the holidays. ('Poor little toads,' says the handyman surprisingly.) They now have the opportunity to explore places normally out of bounds.

> Derry once spent a whole day on the roof when workmen were mending the gutters. He said it was like mountaineering: the roof didn't slope straight up to a peak and then straight down the other side, as we thought. It had all kinds of ridges and valleys that you would never have suspected; and the valleys – as well as the gutters – were thick with lost tennis-balls. . . . Also the workmen showed him a hole they had found under some loose tiles, and in the hole was a bottle, and in the bottle was a piece of paper which said in faint brown printing: 'April 15th 1912. Today the whole nation is shocked to hear of the sinking of S.S. *Titanic*, with more than 1,000 lives feared lost. Toll for the Brave. Bert Wick and John Middleton, Tilers'.

But all is changed when Mr Fisher takes the children to the March Copse Nature Reserve. (Mr Fisher, says Matron, has 'no more idea of looking after children than a gorilla'.) Great-uncle Gregory appears: the children hide away at March Copse. Here they are subjected to a series of inexplicable adventures. Who is the hidden adversary, and what does he want?

Patricia Ward's Anna finds the silver pencil in a cave: it gives a jump in her hand, and writes, 'Hallo, girl'. From then on it leads her into many surprising places, in the course of which she makes friends with Phillipe and discovers treasure in the cave – not, as she had hoped, gold bullion, but casks of Jamaica rum and old French brandy – worth a small fortune, her Uncle Robert happily tells her. By the end of the holiday, more intangible treasure has been revealed to Anna: the deposit of pure gold at the heart of human nature itself.

Mrs Manage, in *The Good American Witch*, is a witch of resource. Since she allows a single wish only, the children who find her seldom ask for trifles. She is hard to find because she disguises herself as someone very familiar. Thus, Susan suddenly recognises that 'the pleasant, middle-aged, weather-beaten freckled lady' was really the Good American Witch who so cleverly grants to children the one thing which they really wanted all along, and did not know until Mrs Manage gave it to them.

'I wish,' exclaims the Victorian child, Louisa, in *Seven Days' Wonder*, 'I was a little girl in times that have not yet come!' Nonsense, says Grandpapa; and tells her to go and have a swing – 'Swing right into the twentieth century if you like!' Louisa swings: the bough cracks, and thrown to the ground unconscious, she is carried into the house to lie for seven days in a coma. When she wakes, she cannot recognise the garden: the walnut tree has gone, and people are strangely dressed. Many curious things happen to her before she finds herself back once again in her own bed and her own century.

Mary Daem's book celebrates the beauty of British Columbia in the days of the paddle-wheeler. There, after an accident in which his leg was smashed, goes Jamie Turner; longing, still, for the hospital in which he felt so secure. Soon, however, he is safe in the arms of his grandmother. By the time the visit is over, Jamie has rosy cheeks; and has earned the admiration of all by braving the storm in order to hang up a lantern on the wharf to guide the paddle-steamer safely to its berth.

To younger readers, the enchanting *Dragon in Danger* and *The Pied Piper of Medenham* will give much pleasure.

BETTY MILLER

Yarns

Toto's Triumph. By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP. *Dent.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Flying Horseman. By PRIMROSE CUMMING. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Cave of Cornelius. By PAUL CAPON. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Line of Attack. By MICHEL BOURGUIGNON. TR. J. BUCHANAN-BROWN. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Leathers in Mozambique. By EDWARD M. CHRYSTIE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Death Rays of Ardilla. By CAPTAIN W. E. JOHNS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Kemlo and the Space Men. By E. C. ELIOTT. *Nelson.* 6*s.*

On Course for Danger. By PHILIP MCCUTCHAN. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Dahlia's Cargo. By ROGER PILKINGTON. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Carlotti Joins the Team. By MIKE HAWTHORN. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bunter Out of Bounds. By FRANK RICHARDS. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Toto's Triumph comes across the Channel as sharp, salutary, and occasionally as tearful, as a French onion. Claire Huchet Bishop's story of a poor family's struggles to graduate from a tent and packing-case furniture on a scruffy ragman's lot on the rim of Paris is rooted firmly in reality. Already a baby sister has died of pneumonia, 'the small coffin no bigger than a doll's'. After the first move to a tiny flat, onion soup has to be kept simmering on the stove to neutralise the smell of the twins' boiling nappies. No babies are allowed in the building, they enter under a pile of rough-dried shirts and underwear in a laundry basket, and Toto is the concierge's strictly eleven-plus parrot. Miss Bishop re-creates brilliantly the grisly and suspenseful world of childhood.

Another strong human-interest tale is Primrose Cumming's *Flying Horseman*. Young Morgan Knight, crippled by polio, hopes smashed of a career as an Air Force pilot, goes to recuperate with a horse-crazy family, on a fruit farm near an airfield. His fight to recovery in an alien world of show-jumping, the votive figures of Dawn Palethorpe and Pat Smythe suspended serenely over all, is expertly and touchingly told.

In *The Cave of Cornelius*, Paul Capon slides with sly credibility from reality (resolutely British boy and girl, country-doctor daddy flying big ex-RAF moustache, pair of all-American twins) to the discovery of the People of the Valley ('Our present Emperor is Cornelius the Fifty-third'). I very much enjoyed their language. Example: *Ga! Ga! Kis dahbloch es vos?* An inventive and continously surprising story, excellently written.

Line of Attack by Michel Bourguignon, in what appears to be a relentlessly colloquial English translation, gives a good angle on what to do with a closed branch railway-line: re-open, recondition abandoned engine, and use in village gang battle. The Belmont Defence Volunteers find a 'vast difference between devouring train-spotters' magazines and having an engine brutally thrust upon their hands'. The remote and desperately serious campaigns of child warfare are caught with perfect fidelity, and the fine, frizzy illustrations by Geraldine Spence add to the excitement.

Trouble in Portuguese East Africa ('Even if the Portuguese had not appealed to us, I fancy the British Government would have wanted to take a hand') calls crisp-voiced, authoritative Colonel Randall of the FO and his youthful assistant Leathers Auckland from their cover-jobs as tea merchants in Mincing Lane. *Leathers in Mozambique* sports a trail of banknotes stuck on twigs, an idol with a ton of gold in its belly, and a scrap in a swamp with a giant pterodactyl. ('Get it in the soft underbelly!' roared the Colonel.)

The Death Rays of Ardilla starts with a bang in the library of a 'wealthy eccentric scientist-inventor' and the entry of his 'confidential' butler with the calm intelligence that Mr Vargo Lentos from Mars and Mr Multova of the planet Terromagna have called for tea and that the spaceship *Tavona* is in town. Terromagna may be in danger, but never Captain W. E. Johns, who tells his sizzling story lightly and with enormous skill.

A colder and more clawing wind informs *Kemlo and the Space Men,* in which a frightful falange of creatures clad in black are capable of obeying any order. For a salt and sailing adventure in Scandinavia (technical details plumb accurate), *The Dahlia's Cargo* is strongly recommended: although non-mariners in the party may suffer from an excess of sea-water. Philip McCutchan's *On Course for Danger* is a two-dimensional Royal Navy yarn of the China Coast patrol, with Commander Forester (no less) breathing, 'A mutineer's something I'll enjoy getting my hands on'. The late Mike Hawthorn's *Carlotti Joins the Team* introduces a poor Italian boy 'with eyes that hit you like twin spotlights', who becomes a racing driver. The book also features, with a delightfully ingenuous charm, the author himself:

> 'I suppose Mike's your hero, isn't he?'
> 'Yes, he is', Carlotti replied frankly.
> 'You could do worse', said Tony casually.

Finally, Bunter. Repairing some bomb-damage from George Orwell (*Horizon,* 1940), Frank Richards wrote, 'As for foreigners being funny . . . foreigners *are* funny. They lack the sense of humour which is the special gift of our own chosen nation'. In *Bunter Out of Bounds* the villain is that well-known foreigner Fisher T. Fish, the ugly and unquiet American who lends shillings to fags at a penny a week interest. I say, you fellows! Beast!

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* and Dickens's *The Magic Fishbone* will appear on 14 May in one volume, as a Dent's Children's Illustrated Classic (10s. 6d.). Macdonald have published a new edition of Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses,* with illustrations by Gyo Fujikawa (15s.). Two additions to the Oxford Children's Library: W. W. Tarn's *The Treasure of the Isle of Mist* and C. H. Abrahall's *Prelude* (5s. each). Walter de la Mare's *Tales Told Again* – originally published as *Told Again* – comes with new illustrations by Alan Howard (Faber 15s.).

DENT'S New Books for Young Readers

Lucinda and the Sailor Kitten

Rosalie Fry

Set among the charms of Brittany and the attractive Breton ways and fascinating folklore, this new 'Lucinda' story paints the picture of a delightful seaside holiday. Illus. by the Author. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Flying Horseman

Primrose Cumming

The uneasy combination of a young would-be R.A.F. pilot, deprived of the hope of achieving his ambition, and a show-jumping-mad family, leads to adventures both amusing and dangerous. Illustrated by Sheila Rose. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Foxendale Farm *Fred Kitchen*

The well-known 'ploughman' writer of *Brother to the Ox* fame reveals his innate love and understanding of children and animals in this tale of the daily doings of a family of farm children. Illustrated by Mary Shillabeer. 11*s.* 6*d.*

Toto's Triumph

Claire Huchet Bishop

In this story of a poverty-stricken family in Paris, the hero Nicholas is faced with a test of character which enables him to save his family threatened with eviction. Illustrated by Claude Ponsot. 11*s.* 6*d.*

Nkwala:

the story of a Red Indian Boy

Edith Lambert Sharp

Seeking his guardian spirit in the forests at night, a 12-year-old boy warns his tribe of a coming forest fire, and so wins his acceptance as a leader. Illustrated by William Winter. *Chosen for the Canadian Children's Book Award* 1958. 12*s.* 6*d.*

COMING MAY 14

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Scott Corbett

When 'Doctor Dillingham' and 'Professor Santos' start investigating bird life on Tree House Island fifteen-year-old Harvey is suspicious. How he and his friends confirm those suspicions builds up into a tale of mounting excitement. Illus. by Gordon Hansen. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dent's Childrens Illustrated Classics

The Rose and the Ring (*Thackeray*) and **The Magic Fish-bone** (*Dickens*)

Generations of children have been delighted by *The Rose and the Ring* with its story of Prince Bulbo, the porter Gruffanuff and other notabilities, and the Author's illustrations; and also by *The Magic Fish-bone,* 'a Holiday Romance from the pen of Miss Alice Rainbird, aged seven.' The latter has colour plates by Paul Hogarth and two drawings from the early edition by John Gilbert. (*Two tales in one volume.*) 10*s.* 6*d.*

DENT

Harrap Books

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authors of "The First Walkabout"

This epic tale of how the Maoris came to New Zealand will become one of the classics of discovery. The author's previous book won the 1955 Australian Children's Book Award. *Illustrated.* 10/6. (May 28)

Unwilling Stowaway

MARJORIE SANKEY

After a mishap while on holiday on Dartmoor, a chain of strange events carried Roger Brownlow to adventure on the high seas. *Illustrated.* 8/6

Lobster Boy

KITTY SPENCER

Unusual story of how two children who go lobster fishing to help their parents, find themselves at enmity with the local fishermen. *Illustrated.* 10/6. (May 28)

Fury, Son of the Wilds HAZEL M. PEEL

Fury is a brumby stallion. This is the exciting story of his early life in the Australian bush, and of how he later became a famous racehorse. *Illustrated.* 9/6. (May 28)

Kevin O'Connor of the Light Brigade

LEONARD WIBBERLEY

A thrilling adventure story. The hero leaves serfdom in Ireland to fight for the Queen in the Crimean War. He also solves a fascinating old family mystery. *Illustrated.* 9/6.

A Dog and Two Red Heads

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author of "Alastair of the Isles"

"Plenty of adventure . . . full, too, of real country stuff."—ELIZABETHAN. "An absorbing book, complete with a mystery."—*Books and Bookmen.* "There is more than excitement . . ."—SCOTSMAN. *Illustrated.* 7/6

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SYLVIA L. CORBRIDGE

Recent addition to the "We Go" Series. An admirable introduction to Ireland for young people and grown-ups. "Gives and engaging picture of the country, its people, and their lives."—YORKS EVG POST. *Illustrated.* 9/6

The Twins and Felicity

MARGARET KENT

New title in the *Harrap Junior Fireside Series*—"Harrap's good-value series." TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. *Illustrated.* 5/-.

Round-Up

Biography

A new edition to Hamilton's generally admirable 'Six Great' series is *Six Great Architects*, by Robert Lutyens (12s. 6d.). It should serve as a useful introduction to architectural principles as well as to the lives, careers and innovations of Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh, the Adam brothers, Nash and Sir Edwin Lutyens. The architects chosen, so far as British architecture is concerned, are the obvious choices; yet one is aware of a gap at the end. Architecture, after all, did not stop with Lutyens, and the young reader may very well not have seen a Vanbrugh, Adams, or a Nash building in his life. But he probably goes to a shining-glass secondary modern school, and he can hardly have escaped seeing something, however debased or distantly derivative, in the manner of Corbusier; while, from films at any rate, the skyline of New York will probably be as familiar to him as London's. It seems a pity that space could not be found, even if it might have meant jettisoning the Adams or Lutyens, for some consideration of a contemporary master like Corbusier or Frank Lloyd Wright.

Somewhat similar in approach to the books of the 'Six Great' series is Howard Jones's *Men of Letters* (Bell, 12s. 6d.). Based on the series of BBC Children's Hour programmes, *Men of Letters* recounts the lives of Johnson, Captain Marryat, Dickens, Borrow, Trollope and Lewis Carroll. The biographical information is sound but as an introduction to the work of these writers the book is on the perfunctory side. Dickens is not summed up, even for children, in such sentences as, 'Dickens is truthful, he is sincere. And, above all, he tells a rattling good story'. And, even though writing for children, to limit Trollope's achievement to the novels of Barsetshire, 'the country of his gentle imagining', is to present a false picture. Anyway, children who have seen the recent TV serialisation of the *Last Chronicle* will know Trollope's 'imagining' was not as gentle as all that.

Two new volumes of historical biography are Winifred Holmes's *She Was Queen of Egypt* (Bell, 12s. 6d.) and Irvin Block's *A Real Book of Christopher Columbus* (Dobson, 10s. 6d.). Miss Holmes's queens are Hatshepsut, Nefertiti, Cleopatra, and Shagaret el Dor, who, unless the author's readers are schoolboys out of Macaulay, will be as unfamiliar to them as to this reviewer. Miss Holmes writes well and with imagination, though, as in her account of Cleopatra's musings on Anthony, a little coyly. Mr Block makes Columbus the hero of a boys' yarn: 'Christopher closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. "Africa!" he murmured to himself'; but he has 'leaned heavily' on Morison's great book, and boys who enjoy yarns should enjoy it.

In a class by itself is Elizabeth Ripley's *Dürer* (Oxford, 17s. 6d.). It is beautifully and simply written, without strain or sentimentality; and each page of letterpress is faced by an appropriate reproduction. There are 32 in all. This is an harmonious marriage between text and illustration.

W. A.

Miscellaneous

Tintin fans can take note that another pair of adventures have been translated: *The Secret of the Unicorn* and *Red Rackham's Adventure* (Methuen 8s. 6d. each). For junior historians, there is a crop of illustrated books: R. J. Unstead's *Looking at Ancient History* – Egypt, Sumeria, Greece, Rome – and John Hayes's *London* (Black, 10s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.) are illustrated by a mixture of line drawings, a bit old-fashioned, and photographs. Both are broad-based, with clothes, food, houses and trade as well as kings, wars and castles. So too are R. R. Sellman's *The Anglo-Saxons* in Methuen's Outlines series (10s. 6d.) – there is a spirited account of an evening with the mead in the thegn's hall – Philip Rush's *London's Wonderful Bridge* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), which is firmly grounded on contemporary records, and Clarke Hutton's *Picture History of Britain* (re-issued by Oxford, 12s. 6d.), which goes in for bright poster illustrations. A historical imagination, plus keenness about sailing, would find a lot of interest in Alan Villiers's *The New Mayflower* (Brockhampton Press, 10s. 6d.) – there are details of her construction at Brixham and a businesslike account of the voyage: lots of photographs.

Elementary scientific knowledge would be a help in reading S. E. Ellacott's *Rockets*, another Methuen Outline, full of diagrams (10s. 6d.), and Alan Honour's book about the Piccards – *Ten Miles High Two Miles Deep* (Brockhampton 12s. 6d.), though the narrative here is simply told: photographs and diagrams. The Junior True Books (Muller, 8s. 6d. each) can start from scratch at a much earlier age: the newest are *Deserts* by Elsa Posell, *Tropical Fishes* by Ray Broekel, *Time* by Feenie Ziner and E. Thompson and *Dinosaurs* by Mary Lou Clark – very simple text and pictures on every page. Another book aimed at early years is *Sia lives on Kilimanjaro* by Anna Riwkin-Brick and Astrid Lindgren (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) where excellent photographs of a child, her village, her friends, her domestic animals – with an occasional shot of mountains and lions – would lead her English-speaking counterpart happily into another continent.

EPWORTH PRESS

ADVENTURE ON PONIES
By Eileen Meyler
This exciting story presents another incident in the lives of the Elwood children, and once again the scene is set in the Dorsetshire countryside. Any child who loves ponies will enjoy the thrill and excitement of this adventure. (*June.*)
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THE STORY OF ELSWYTH
By Eileen Meyler
This is a swift-moving story set against a background of squalor and splendour in Saxon England. It is a sombre and little-known page of history which Miss Meyler brings to life, but through the whole tale runs a thread of tenderness and fun. (*June.*)
9s. 6d. net *Illustrated*

STANDING STONE
By Donald Mattam
This is an exciting mystery and adventure story set in the Derbyshire moorlands where the Stone Circles of an older day still stand. It is a story which both boys and girls will enjoy. (*July.*)
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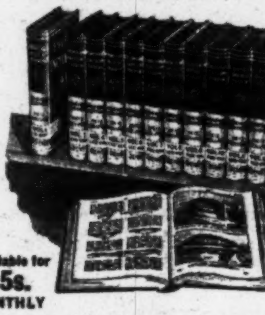
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Pasternak's Autobiographies

Before submitting *Dr Zhivago* for publication in Russia, Boris Pasternak had made a collection of poems which were to prepare for the romance. They were to be introduced by an *Essay in Autobiography*, but the poems did not appear and we have only the *Essay* which comes to us through the Italian publisher, Feltrinelli. An old story repeats itself. Pasternak published no original work under the Stalinist repression between 1932 and 1943. (His earlier autobiography, *Safe Conduct*, appeared in 1931.) He was silenced again by the absurd Zhdanov from 1946 to 1954. Since then the Writers' Union, the hunting pack of censorship, have been after him again. Sholokov, the author of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, now in London, and himself a candidate for the Nobel Prize, has said in an interview with a London newspaper that *Dr Zhivago* 'stinks'. This hardly supports the rumour, perhaps inspired, that Sholokov has been 'protecting' Pasternak. Sholokov told the Swedish interviewer of *Aftonbladet* that he had not read *Dr Zhivago* and fully agreed with Pasternak's expulsion from the Writers' Union. Russian literary criticism is not noted for its dignity. I do not think we need have Summit talks with Sholokov. Perhaps Pasternak's dignity is his great offence; it was the offence of Turgenev.

The *Essay* is short – enough to give some idea; Pasternak says, 'of how in my individual case, life became converted into art and art was born of life and experience'. It is a reminiscence touched upon tactfully and confined within the narrator's intimate circle. To take the story further and describe a 'world, unique and not to be compared with any other', a writer would have to write 'in such a way as to make the hair raise and the heart falter'. So the book is a reticent sketch, but does draw at least an outline of the growth of a poet's mind and conscience. As Mr Crankshaw says in his warm introduction, Pasternak's battle has been with himself. Is there any other battle for an artist? His achievement is to have upheld the fact of the artist's conscience in a time when committees, programme makers, administrators and so on, thought literature had obligations to them. It has none. But Pasternak has been tried by fire. He has always been widely read by the young, not – one cannot repeat this too often to people who wish to make political capital out of him, one way or the other – because he is a possible centre of subversion, but because he has kept an artist's integrity. Sholokov's resentment of this is shocking and, incidentally, unpatriotic. 'I dislike my style before 1940,' Pasternak says in this essay, 'just as I quarrel with half of Mayakovsky's writing and with some of Yesenin's. I dislike the disintegrating forms, the impoverished thought and the littered, uneven language of those days. It is more important in life to lose than to acquire. Unless the seed dies it bears no fruit.' *Safe Conduct* – the earlier autobiography – dies: *Dr Zhivago* is born. *Safe Conduct* is a congested poetic embryo.

Part of Pasternak's tenacity comes from his upbringing and an inherited, strong yet evasive gaiety of spirit. The *Essay* sketches a family and circles of like-minded friends dedicated to the arts. The father, a painter, was a friend of Tolstoy; the mother, a distinguished pianist. Scriabin came to the house and the young Pasternak decided to become a composer and pianist. The portraits are less reminiscent than active, for Pasternak's prose, even in translation, has the striking, present clarity of the piano, each sentence a run of notes. The preoccupation with the ideas of resurrection and rebirth must have, I think, a link with the new and re-created effect of music which never embalms a past. Scriabin and the elder Pasternak went for walks:

> Scriabin liked to take a run and then go on skipping along the road like a stone skimming the water, as if at any moment he might leave the ground and glide on air. In general, he had trained himself in various kinds of sublime lightness and unburdened movement verging on flight.

He defended Nietzsche, and we find in Pasternak's comment the traditional Russian feeling for the limitless. It was also Dostoevsky's:

> Scriabin's defence of the superman was an expression of his native Russian craving for the superlative. Indeed, it is not only true that music needs to be more than itself if it is to mean anything, but that everything in the world must surpass itself in order to be itself. There must be something limitless in a human being and in his activity for either to have definition and character.

The elder Pasternak had to make a drawing of Tolstoy on his deathbed at the station of Astapovo; the son went with him. In the corner of the room lay—

> A wrinkled old man, one of the dozens of old men invented by Tolstoy and scattered through his books. The place bristled with fir saplings which stood round the bed, their outlines sharpened by the setting sun. Four slanting sheaves of light reached across the room and threw over the corner where the body lay the sign of the big shadow of the crosspiece of the window and the small childish crosses of the shadows of the firs.

Outside the World Press 'brayed' and waiters at the station restaurant were galloping about with plates of 'underdone beef steaks. Beer flowed like a river'. That word 'underdone' evokes the whole of journalism in one of its knowing and macabre news-gathering fiestas.

Pasternak gave up music because he found he had not perfect pitch. He was sent to Germany for his education, travelled to Venice. He was the equipped intellectual. He felt the excitement of that iconoclasm which was to provoke the last glories of art in Europe. Later the poets Mayakovsky, Yesenin, Marina Tsvetayeva, and Paolo Yashili come in. There is excitement and argument and then the aftermath; the tragic lists of suicides – Mayakovsky killing himself (out of pride), Yesenin (without thinking it out) carelessly; Marina Tsvetayeva because she could not put her work between herself and the reality of daily life any longer; Yashili bewitched by the purges. There is compassion for the wretched Fadayev, the novelist who sold out:

> And it seems to me that Fadayev, still with the apologetic smile which had somehow stayed with him through all the crafty ins and outs of politics, told himself just before he pulled the trigger: 'Well, now it's all over. Good-bye, Sasha'.

Fadayev once told me that the decline in the drawing of grotesque characters in the Soviet novel was due to the fact that, under Communism, people were better integrated.

To go back 28 years, to *Safe Conduct*, is to meet the affected Pasternak. His self-criticism is just. Edited by Stefan Schimanski, it was first published here in 1945 and has been reissued with an introduction by J. M. Cohen. The translation is by Beatrice Scott. Robert Payne has done the stories, which include *Aerial Ways* and *The Childhood of Luvers*. Mr Cohen translates the poems. Another version of *Safe Conduct*, the stories and poems, comes from Alec Brown and Lydia Pasternak-Slater. I prefer the Beatrice Scott translation; Mr Alec Brown is heroically literal when dealing with the images, but he is conventional and commonplace in the straightforward writing. It is not surprising that translators differ and that they should drop sentences in the dazzle they have to face. Here are two versions of the firework scene in Venice. From Beatrice Scott:

> Under the open sky the faces of the audience glowed with a clarity which is characteristic of the baths, as in a covered wonderfully illuminated hall. Suddenly from the ceiling of this imaginary ballroom fell a slight shower. But hardly had it begun when the rain ceased. The reflection of the illuminations simmered above the square in a coloured dimness. The bell tower of St Mark's cut like a red marble rocket into the rose mist in wreaths halfway up to its summit. A little farther off dark-olive steams circled, and as in a fairy tale the five-headed shell of the Cathedral hid within them.

Mr Alec Brown's version is rhetorical. It begins:

> The outdoor audience was drenched in a bathhouse froth of brilliance, as if in a magnificently illuminated ballroom. All at once a fictitious ceiling began gently sprinkling it as if the assembled audience were a seminal square of the far north. Scarcely had a shower of another sort begun than it suddenly ceased.

He has 'whorls of dark purple vapour' for Miss Scott's 'dark olive steams'. Miss Scott's renderings of Pasternak's reflections on the fertilising conflicts in European culture are far clearer than Mr Brown's, and the two translators have a serious difference of meaning in the

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An Essay in Autobiography. By Boris Pasternak. Introduction by Edward Crankshaw. Translator: Manya Harari. *Collins* with *Harvill Press*. 15s.

Boris Pasternak. Edited by K. K. Sinha. *Congress for Cultural Freedom, Calcutta.*

Prose and Poems. By Boris Pasternak. Edited by Stefan Schimanski. Introduction by J. M. Cohen. Translators: Beatrice Scott, Robert Payne, J. M. Cohen. *Benn*. 6s.

Safe Conduct & Other Works. By Boris Pasternak. Translators: Alec Brown, Lydia Pasternak-Slater. *Elek*. 15s.

Pasternak: A Pictorial Biography. By Gerd Ruge. *Thames & Hudson*. 25s.

passage on the roles of the genius, iconoclast and rebel. In Pasternak, the stress on tradition is strong; without it, he says, the rebellious are 'empty-handed'.

Safe Conduct is a longer, richer, denser autobiographical work than the *Essay* is. It contains a throbbing account of the poet's relationship with Mayakovsky and of the wild scene of grief at his death. Simplicity, and the sense of the limitless, favour the Russians in the expression of extreme emotions. The Western reader toils to impose order as he reads. One sees this again in the story of Pasternak's short love duel with his pretty cousin in Marburg in his student days. Each moment of this experience – and of all others – is so sensuously active that we have the characteristic Pasternak vision of chaotic sense impressions, all spring and the effervescence of the blood, yet enclosed as by a medallion in a still, hard and contemplative calm. The affectations of style and the teasing out of the thought have their difficulty, which is a torture for translators who cannot catch the tone of a poet whose mind has been formed by music and, to some extent, by painting. One has one's doubts, in prose at any rate, about the value of putting one art to the service of another. In the story *Childhood of Luvers*, the beauty of the tale and the deep perception into a girl's life, take time to emerge from the orchestration.

Pasternak never looks from society to the individual. Society is some formless thing, a general fate or flux of circumstance which, in his lifetime, has been riven by events that are like inexplicable storms and lightning – a favourite image. A romantic, he looks to nature, not to social forces. The individual can know his existence only as a note in music might know it was struck without having any clear notion of what part it plays in the score, yet knowing the score cannot exist without him. Only, much later on, in the far future, will it be possible to understand what happened and what the symphony was. There, once more, is the traditional Russian nostalgia for the future. It is a faith in distance. Pasternak is not a closed and accomplished egoist. His feeling for the autobiographical comes from a capacity for living and re-living and putting passion into it. His continual reflections on memory are not those of one who thinks of memory as a fixed picture, but as a force in motion, perhaps like a storm that has passed, but is still banked up and reverberating. The present has its *élan* because it is always on the edge of the unknown and one misunderstands the past unless one remembers that this unknown was once part of its nature. For this reason Pasternak is able to raid the past and carry off people and places from it with their own passion and bewilderment still on them. Such a view of life is poetic in the absolute sense. It is as hostile to the academic attitude to literature – Pushkin's feelings for his wife are more important than Pushkinism – as it is to the -isms of religion, politics, history and economics. It is the role of the poet to look at what is happening in the world and to know that quite other things are happening.

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I recommend the reader who requires a guide to the revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods as they have affected writers in the Soviet Union, to obtain Gerd Kuge's intelligent and original pictorial biography of the poet. It contains well-chosen photographs and drawings.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Revolutionaries

Their faces glistening with their love for man
We think of them pacing in attics,
Saying, 'Is Michael loyal? And the landlady's daughter,
Can she be trusted, will she tell?'
Always they had one bullet for themselves.
'I dare not trust you. Therefore you must die.'
The attic window showed a cloudless sky.

But we – well, we have it easy,
None of that candlelight plotting,
No guns, knives, bottles of poison.
To change our government we cast a vote.
Our constitution is never round our throat.

We can say God damn the Queen
And men will be angry, daddy will cause a scene,
But we can say what we mean.

And do we? We talk of freedom and liberty
As though they were teams in a cricket match:
Milton bowled well, but Cromwell dropped a catch.

We must do more than give them moral grades.
We should think of this before our freedom fades.
First their brave words. And then the barricades.

JULIAN MITCHELL

Et tu, Clem?

The Road to Brighton Pier. By LESLIE HUNTER. *Barker.* 16*s*.

Who can tell the truth – or get nearest to it – about British politics: the politician in the thick of it, the journalist on the sidelines, or the historian who reconstructs what happened when it is all over? A few months ago Mr R. Bassett published an academic history of the 1931 crisis, which turned out to be a deeply engaged defence of Ramsay MacDonald. Mr Bassett was able to blow away the smokescreens of myth with which the rival party propagandists had obscured the real course of events; where he failed was in his description of politicians in action and his analysis of their motives. Here, sheer lack of experience was reinforced by the author's strange refusal to counter his own prejudices by checking his 'facts' with the living participants.

Now, in *The Road to Brighton Pier*, we can see how a journalist who actually covered a political crisis fares when he tries to write the annals of it. Mr Hunter has chosen as his theme the last years of Attlee's leadership, and in particular, the story of how he made sure that Morrison was not his successor. I can think of no narrative more aptly designed to illuminate the works of that party oligarchy which dominates our mid-twentieth-century politics; and at first sight Mr Hunter might seem well qualified to tell it. As Lobby Correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, he was the mouthpiece of Labour's top people; and he is married to another socialist journalist, Margaret Stewart, who, as Industrial Correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, had a different – but no less important – entree into the Labour hierarchy.

As he frankly admits more than once in his book, Mr Hunter and his wife were no mere reporters of the struggle for the succession. They both served – at least until the middle of the last round – as lieutenants of Mr Morrison. As a result, Mr Hunter jotted down in his diary a lot of confidential information, particularly from the lips of the Leader and Deputy Leader, which he has now written up in book form. I presume that, when he resigned from the *Herald*, he decided to break with journalism altogether. Otherwise he could hardly have been so indiscreet about the keyholes through which he peered into some of the secret meetings of the Shadow Cabinet, the Parliamentary Party and the National Executive. Nor could he – without risking expulsion from the Parliamentary Lobby, of which he was once a member – have violated so many of the rules which make it possible for politicians and political journalists to co-exist at Westminster.

Yet, without these breaches of etiquette, Mr Hunter would have had precious little to tell us. When he relies – as he does in his account of Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan – on his press-cuttings, his narrative is so jejune and his comments of such crudity that we marvel how anyone can live so long in politics and remain so politically illiterate. This is a book of which nothing will be remembered except the indiscretions; and these passages exude that blend of obsequiousness and effrontery with which, in Edwardian days, the liaisons in the first-floor bedrooms were discussed downstairs in the servants' hall. In these pages one can still catch the deferential thrill with which Mr Hunter received the Attlees, the Shawcrosses and Herbert Morrison at his luncheon table – or, even better, was received at theirs. And one can still hear that mixture of complacency and fear, outrage and envy with which the right wing of the Labour Party discussed the Bevanites.

What ancient history it all seems and, in particular, the role of that famous trio, Mr Deakin, Sir William Lawther and Sir Thomas Williamson. Perhaps because he was Mr Morrison's man, Mr Hunter makes cruel fun of their personal failings. In particular, he portrays Mr Deakin as a near-megalomaniac, waging a hysterical personal vendetta against Mr Bevan, as though he had bought the Labour Movement with his trade union contributions. After a secret meeting at the St Ermin's Hotel, Mr Hunter writes:

> Deakin told me he had forced the issue. If Bevan were not expelled from the party, the unions would reconsider their relationships with it. They were certainly not prepared to give more money to the party and might decide to withhold some of their current contributions.

But Mr Hunter's main concern is to prove that Attlee diddled Morrison out of the Leadership and, as a Morrison man, he paints his hero and villain in the crudest colours. 'Homespun Herbert,' we are told, was never once disloyal to Clem; indeed, on numerous occasions he discouraged his Right-wing supporters from overt action against the Leader, whose devious cowardice he regarded as solely responsible for the failure to smash Bevanism. Here is a Cockney Brutus who saw his Limehouse Cæsar's failings but honourably refused the dagger!

Next, Attlee – a waspish, ageing nonentity, sustained through the first four years of his Premiership by Ernest Bevin, Stafford Cripps and Herbert Morrison. Then, when Cripps and Bevin die, Attlee turns against Morrison and becomes the lost leader, a doodler whose aloof indecision first causes the Bevanite split and then permits the arch-rebel to escape whenever the loyal Right-wingers have him cornered. The climax of the story comes after the defeat of 1955. First (page 119) we watch Attlee getting himself re-elected by 'reluctantly' agreeing to remain for a period which looked to his colleagues like the tag-end of the Session but which he alone knew to be sixteen months. Then, after his slight stroke, we watch him arranging that famous interview with Percy Cudlipp in Pembrokeshire (page 129) in which he published to the world his view that his successor should be a young man. 'As Attlee had foreseen, Morrison's nerve broke under the strain.' At this point (it was the time of Mr Butler's autumn Budget), Cæsar drove another dagger into Brutus's back. Calculating that he would try to outshine his rival and abysmally fail, Attlee arranged that, just after Gaitskell had done very well in the Budget debate, there should be a vote of censure, moved by Herbert Morrison. The ploy worked: Morrison was finally discredited and a few weeks later Attlee was able to announce his retirement and force the election which made Gaitskell Leader with Herbert at the bottom of the poll.

How much of this story is true? The only parts I can check by personal knowledge are Mr Hunter's accounts of the Keep Left and Bevanite groups, where he gets nothing quite right and some things ludicrously wrong. He claims, for instance, that the Keep Left group were trying to overthrow Attlee in 1947 and that the Bevanites were ready later on to keep Gaitskell out by putting Morrison in! Such absurdities are natural enough, since Mr Hunter had no confidant among us, and for his account of the Left he has had to rely on the second-hand gossip of his Right-wing sources. But I suspect that his account of Attlee is equally unreliable. That Attlee, as late as 1952, still wanted Bevan as his successor; that he always saw the danger of expelling Bevan from the Party and tried to stop it; and that he waited to resign until he was sure that the vote would go against Morrison – all this has long been known. What Mr Hunter adds is the charge that Attlee deliberately contrived Morrison's defeat.

In making this charge, he knows that he is on weak ground and prefaces it with these words:

> I was tempted to question some of the actors about the parts they had played, but I decided not to . . . I wanted to base myself as far as possible on my own notes of what people told me at the time and not on what they may think today they ought to have said . . . I decided to let the story speak for itself . . . Attlee has shown he is more than capable of defending his past actions if he considers them unjustly interpreted.

So now we know the value to attach to this nasty little book. I have seldom read a more impudent excuse for regurgitating stale gossip without even checking whether it is true.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Erich or Little by Little

When I was a Little Boy. By ERICH KÄSTNER. *Cape.* 16*s.*

If anything could disarm a reviewer, looking at the title with a morose surmise, it is Herr Kästner's piercing sentence: 'Not everything that children experience is suitable for other children to read about'. Not everything is suitable for adults, either. Whoever recalls his childhood primarily for a reader's pleasure? Why, people even *pay* for others to listen to the compulsive theme – the sad self-love, the affectionate disgust – week after week of it. Professional listener! It is a role that Samuel Butler might have devised, or even, if you follow the thought more closely, Swift. But Herr Kästner seems to have forestalled these thoughts. His trick is to reverse the usual stance; where others might adopt the refractory or confessional manner, he chooses to write with the selective assurance of an adult addressing a child. Other autobiographers might study the effect.

Most children know that they are not interesting in themselves: therefore the endless acting and daydreams. But they are fine observers of the rich inscrutable life in which they have their minor part. A book about childhood should supply this view of the larger scene and here the ground is Dresden before the First World War, the busy daily lives of tradesmen, craftsmen and shopkeepers (who were mostly the author's relatives) and of teachers (who were not).

Erich was the only child of poor but hardworking parents, and he worked pretty hard himself. His mother was one of a large family of butchers and horse-dealers, some of them rich and mean and proud. As a young girl she had been out to service, left it to escape the son of the house, worked as an old lady's companion, and had been married off by her peremptory married sisters to a respectable young saddler looking for a wife. He was a fine craftsman but no man of business, and finally had to take a factory job in Dresden. It was here, in 1899, that Erich was born. Besides taking in lodgers, a succession of friendly teachers, his mother decided to learn a trade. At 35 she became a ladies' hairdresser, and set up a thriving business in the front bedroom. Erich carried up the jugs of hot water.

One cannot but like the little boy, for he liked everything too. He was perfectly happy to be his parents' only child. Destiny, he sagely notes, does not send brothers and sisters on approval. He ran errands; he delivered his uncle's money to the bank. If the clerk's reckoning did not tally

A Royal Commission at Oxford?

Or at Cambridge?
These are the titles of two articles in the May issue (now on sale) of UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY.

Other topics include: The Novel in Education, Flexibility in U.S. Universities, English Literature in a West African University, Standards of Examining, A Profile of the University Student, Correspondence and Reviews (including C. D. Broad on Wittgenstein).

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¶ Professor Hunt's **Honoré de Balzac: a Biograph**
(1957) is available at 21*s.*

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with the little boy's, it was the clerk who knew that he was wrong. He had a passion for school, and never missed a single day in his life, not for toothache, stomach-ache, boils and colds. More serious illnesses he left to the holidays. Even after an accident to his tongue which left him unable to eat or talk for weeks, he insisted on tottering to the class, Teachers and pupils alike were appalled. 'During the mid-morning break,' he writes, 'I sat alone in the classroom. During lessons, I remained dumb. Sometimes, when no one knew the answer, I wrote it on a bit of paper and carried it up to the teacher's desk.'

Outside the house were the streets where he fetched the shopping; the river, in which his mother occasionally tried to throw herself; the splendid house of portly Uncle Franz, where they sometimes visited – an occasion of high comedy. But it is not the distant Kaiser or the homely King of Saxony round the corner that reminds us now and then where we are, but some odd pervasive details – the black puddings and chitterlings, perhaps, and still more the obsessional gymnastics (which Erich started at six). It says much for Herr Kästner's craft that he gives interest even to mysteries such as these.

Naomi Lewis

The Penicillin Story

The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming. By André Maurois. Trans. Gerard Hopkins. *Cape 25s.*

What makes a scientific discovery great? Is it the originality of thought which leads to it, the understanding of nature which results from it, the stimulus to further work that it gives or the benefit that it confers? The discovery of penicillin may not qualify under the first two headings but it certainly does under the last two.

For twenty years before 1929 Fleming had been looking for agents that would kill bacteria but not harm the body. He did this work in spite of the brooding disapproval of his chief, that bullying genius Sir Almroth Wright, the physical and mental colossus who bestrode the world of bacteriology early in this century. Wright (Sir Colenso Ridgeon of *The Doctor's Dilemma*) abhorred the notion of chemotherapy, which would 'never be possible', and tried instead to improve the body's own defences ('stimulate the phagocytes'). So it was doubly remarkable that Fleming, who was always prepared for the unexpected, did not throw away that contaminated bacterial culture plate. The spore of a mould had fallen on the plate at some time when it was being examined, had grown and had killed the staphylococci nearby. Over the rest of the plate the bacteria grew normally. Now this must have happened before to other bacteriologists, but they had not noticed. Fleming did.

It has been fashionable in some circles to say that Fleming did not appreciate the importance of what he saw. This is not so. He realised at once its significance. In the summary at the end of his first paper he said:

> (1) A certain type of penicillium produces, in culture, a powerful antibacterial substance. . . . (7) Penicillin is non-toxic to animals, even in massive doses, and is non-irritant. . . . (8) It is suggested that it may be an efficient antiseptic for application to, or injection into, areas infected with penicillin-sensitive microbes.

What could be a fairer or clearer prediction than that?

Another criticism of Fleming has been that he did not follow up his discovery by isolating the pure substance. He was, it is said, casual and incompetent; having tried a few times to extract penicillin and failed he gave up. This, too, is false. He did his best to interest chemists in penicillin – indeed he succeeded. Professor Harold Raistrick and several colleagues tried, but at each attempt the highly unstable penicillin vanished, usually when they tried to recover it from solution in ether. Bad luck (one of the group was killed and another died young) added to discouragement and the work was dropped. But it was not Fleming's fault that they failed – he was still confident and enthusiastic – and hardly theirs. The technical advances which made the later Oxford work possible had not then been made. Indeed it is sometimes overlooked that Chain's work was chemical discovery of the first class. Penicillin contains a chemical group, known as a thiolactam, which was hitherto unknown. While he was working on it Chain realised that he was after something unusual and as he paced the roof of the laboratory while doing his firewatching he would mutter, 'This is something quite new'. So it is hardly a reproach to earlier biochemists, still less to Fleming, that they did not succeed where the genius of Chain, helped by new techniques, did.

When penicillin was first produced in pitifully small amounts it was quickly found to be as brilliant as Fleming could ever have expected. Those early patients of eighteen years ago are still vividly remembered by the clinicians at the Radcliffe Infirmary. The first case of all was heartrending. He was a policeman of 43 who had septicæmia. Starting with a boil on the face the infection spread uncontrollably. An eye was infected and had to be removed. The other eye began to be affected. He got osteomyelitis and abscesses appeared in many places. On 12 February 1941 he was given penicillin. He began to improve quickly and after two days he said he was getting better. But after five days the supply of penicillin gave out. Four weeks later he died. (It is a curious, but unimportant, fact that in this book and in the original paper describing this case in *The Lancet* the date of the patient's admission to hospital is given as eleven weeks earlier than it really was.)

After great efforts by the Americans penicillin was produced in large amounts and by D-day, by a superb feat of organisation, hospitals receiving casualties from Normandy had enough and their pathologists had been trained in its use. Neither Fleming nor Florey ever made any move to patent their discoveries. Patents were later taken out on various manufacturing processes by American and British firms (it is widely believed that all penicillin patents are held by the Americans). Penicillin is now a main money-earner for several of the firms making it, even those who are better known for, say, baby foods.

Fleming came into his own. He was elected FRS, feted everywhere and awarded the Nobel prize with Florey and Chain. St Mary's Hospital have, of course, taken full advantage of the famous discovery made in their laboratories. But perhaps it was unlucky that a copy of their Centenary Appeal was sent to Professor Florey. It began roughly thus: 'No doubt you have heard of penicillin, but you may not know that it was discovered in St Mary's Hospital. . . .'

M. Maurois tells the story of penicillin well, but the rest of the book is a little dull. Fleming was painfully inarticulate and left very few letters or other papers to help his biographer. What he did say or write on anything outside his work was not interesting or original. The story of his first marriage hardly comes to life at all, although that of his second does, charmingly. Poor M. Maurois, who did not know Fleming, has had to resort to biography by interview and the result tends to be boringly eulogistic. In spite of his best efforts one is left merely with the impression of an excellent scientist who made a great discovery.

David Pyke

The Critic as Biographer

Katherine Mansfield and other Literary Studies. By J. Middleton Murry. *Constable. 20s.*

The first book of modern criticism I read, while still at school, was Middleton Murry's *The Problem of Style*. It still seems to me an important book, but in some ways it is uncharacteristic of Murry's main work as a critic. His normal method, at its best in *Keats and Shakespeare,* at its worst in *Son of Woman,* is an unusual kind of biographical criticism, in which he uses an author's work and life as a special kind of raw material for personal exploration and personal manifesto. The nearest other work to this method is, I suppose, Freudian criticism, but it is perhaps only in Ernest Jones's *Hamlet and Oedipus* that Freudian criticism has included anything like the necessary degree of literary competence. The Romantic poets again have attracted some writing of this kind, and Wilson Knight's later work is in some ways a close parallel to Murry: an exceptionally competent and penetrating critic using literature as the basis of a spiritual manifesto or campaign. From my own critical training, I am invariably suspicious of this method, and certainly there are some very bad examples of it, in books of biography and literary impressions – the work is glanced at through the life, the life through the work, and in the end there is no clear view of

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either – the literary equivalent of one of those Hollywood films about a composer or a scientist. Murry was an exceptional man, but most of his criticism, in the end, suffers from the same curious tremolo and blur. One recognises at times, however, that the thing can be well done, and when it is well done – when the interaction of living and writing is really grasped, and brought into focus by another lived reality – it is obviously very important. Strict textual criticism is a necessary discipline, but in the long run it is no more than an expedient starting-point; the questions insistently extend, into personally valued experience of man and society, and no good critic, finally, can say that these are not his business.

The volume under review consists of three essays collected after Murry's death: 68 pages on Gissing, 26 on Katherine Mansfield, 67 on the novels of Henry Williamson. They are introduced by a useful short critical memoir of Murry, by T. S. Eliot. The title-piece seems to me to add little to Murry's other writings about his first wife, yet the publishers have emphasised it. The essay on Gissing is a good example of the method discussed above: it is partly biographical narrative, with interspersed accounts of the novels, but it finally isolates a psychological theme – what Murry calls 'female demonism' – and generalises this. The revival of interest in Gissing is important, and Murry's essay is a welcome contribution. The essay on Henry Williamson I cannot judge, as I have not read many of the works to which it refers, but Murry persuades me that this recent novel-sequence – *The Dark Lantern, The Donkey Boy, Young Phillip Maddison, How Dear is Life,* and *A Fox under my Cloak* – may have been unreasonably neglected and should be read.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

New Novels

Beds in the East. By ANTHONY BURGESS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Providence Island. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

World in a Jug. By ROLAND GANT. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The Wonder of an Hour. By PETER COLERIDGE. *Elek.* 16*s.*

Beds in the East is the third of Anthony Burgess's funny and touching stories about modern Malaya. Once again the central figure is Victor Crabbe, the expatriate schoolmaster who is so keen on happy race relations. In this land of many races, he has his work cut out: the Malays are scared of the Chinese, both of them despise the Indians, and all three detest the British. To make matters worse, Independence Day is coming along. Crabbe's intentions are blameless, but things are always going wrong. He holds an interracial sodality party, and it ends in a free fight. He tries to encourage a young Chinese composer, and is unjustly arraigned for pederasty. Eventually he undertakes a trying journey up-river to help a Malay colleague, falls off the boat, and is eaten by crocodiles.

On the way to Crabbe's nemesis, Mr Burgess gives us some brilliant comedy. No English novelist has created Asian characters that are more convincing. He achieves the unusual feat of making these characters talk to each other in a believable manner when Europeans are not present. Mr Burgess can do this because he takes for granted that the differences between the races are less important than the similarities. His best success is the girl Rosemary, a very unvirginal Tamil, an astonishing beauty black as pitch. Corrupted by

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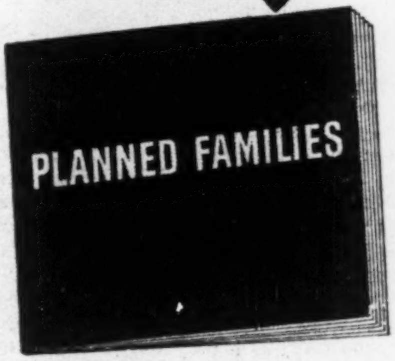

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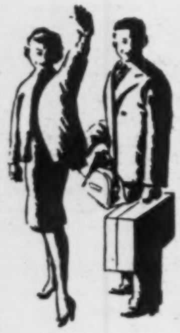

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

a short spell at a training college in Liverpool, she yearns for the life of an English miss. Why should she not model for Norman Hartnell, appear on television, and marry a duke, just like the girls in the picture papers? As it is, she has to make do with the conversation of Lim Cheng Po, a Chinese who has relatives in Hounslow. She has plenty of suitors, such as Jalil the wealthy Turk, but she cannot bear to touch a dark skin. The local vet is after her too, a Ceylonese called Vythilingam with a terrible stutter, and so is Robert Loo, the young Chinese composer. She makes a set at Crabbe, but he seems to be rather a broken reed and goes off drinking with Tommy Jones, a drunken salesman full of confused saws. ('Listen to me, old boy,' he says madly to Crabbe, 'listen to me. As one door shuts, another door closes, old boy.') Mr Burgess presents all these people with an impartial generosity; and the steamy, noisy, confused world they live in is conveyed with knowledge and skill. Perhaps the book goes off rather at the end, but for once it is not beside the point to invoke Mr Forster.

Jacquetta Hawkes has not published a novel before, but *Providence Island* is a very assured piece of work. It is a kind of archæological fantasy, based on an exciting if not basically original idea. Mrs Hawkes has imagined that the race of men who painted the caves at Lascaux did not perish. Twelve thousand years later, traces of their civilisation are discovered on an island in the Pacific. An expedition goes out from Oxford to investigate, not expecting to find anything more than a few flints. Astonishingly, the archæologists are confronted with the descendants of the original Palæolithic painters. Their paintings are as good as ever, and they have other enviable gifts. Their powers of telepathy are extraordinary. They are capable of spiritual intercourse between individuals, and they can die at will. They can wake a sleeping man by the power of thought, and confuse their enemies at a distance. They are nearly identical in appearance, and very good-looking, because they have bred selectively, being capable of mental prophylaxis.

In fact these formidable creatures are quite a challenge to the visitors from Oxford, whom Mrs Hawkes has endowed with every donnish quality. Overnight a stern-minded young scientist is turned into a drooling doll, and a lady anthropologist has a liberating experience with a Palæolithic man in the woods. *Providence Island* is a didactic novel, and Mrs Hawkes's thesis is that a total response of the self is better than a purely cerebral one. This is not a very new idea, but she puts it across strongly and crisply. Where Mrs Hawkes goes wrong is in not stopping within the bounds she has set herself. The characters are given a vigorous emotional life of their own, which is irrelevant and distracting.

World in a Jug is an ambitious experiment, but perhaps a misguided one. Mr Gant's novel pretends to be the transcription of a tape-recording of some off-the-cuff reminiscences by a vintage jazzman. Larry Alden has played and sung the blues for thirty years, all the way from the honky-tonks of New Orleans to the cellars of Saint-Germain. Ingeniously, Mr Gant has made him white and not coloured, with a stiff-necked mother, in order to explain any lack of verve in his narrative. The trouble is that no close imitation of actual speech is interesting to read at this length. The books that appear to succeed at this trick, like *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* are in fact always very carefully contrived. Even the genuine jazz autobiographies that Mr Gant is imitating, such as those by Jelly Roll Morton and Baby Dodds, are boring to read all through. This is not to say that Mr Gant will not sound many a nostalgic chord, in all those with real or synthetic memories of the American Twenties.

Anybody who reads a lot of new novels knows how much of the vast production falls into two categories: the sensitive woman's account of how beastly it is to be married to a brute, and the ex-schoolboy's report on the most testing years of his life. It would be surprising to hear that Mr Peter Coleridge did not remember his old school well, if it was anything like Forley Grammar School in *The Wonder of an Hour.* No renaissance court can have been more hot with intrigue than this dreadful institution. A palace revolution threatens among the staff, and the boys look on with all-seeing eyes. The crisis is averted when the ambitious master falls to his death after treading on a tennis ball at the top of the stairs. The boys suspect that the headmaster put it there; he is a mad old fellow who inveighs against Darwin in his classes. Mr Coleridge writes with his tongue in his cheek, and his book is amusing.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,524 Set by Allan M. Laing

In a recent Brains Trust session, Miss Marghanita Laski mentioned a *New Yorker* rhymed mnemonic of the 49 States of North America, but she is still searching for one for the 40 counties of England. Competitors are invited to compose such a mnemonic in not more than 16 lines. Abbreviations are, of course, in order, provided they are recognisable. Entries by 19 May.

Result of No. 1,521 Set by Walter Allen

Stevenson, irritated by a publisher's rejection of his *Moral Emblems* in 1882, described in a letter to Henley a few of the other manuscripts turned down by the same firm: 'a fragment of Journal extending over six years, and an unfinished Autobiography reaching up to the first performance of *King John*, by William Shakespeare; The Journals and Private Correspondence of David, King of Israel; Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a Monody on Napoleon'. The usual prizes are offered for the best extracts from any of these works. Not more than 150 words or 16 lines.

Report

Perhaps Stevenson's publishers knew what they were doing, after all. Somewhat to my surprise, David attracted more competitors than either Shakespeare or Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, and emerged as a pretty shabby fellow. According to J. A. Linden, he did not kill Goliath in fair fight:

> Feel guilty about old G., though, he was such a decent bird really, couldn't bear to kill a youngster, so pretended my stone had walloped him—missed by a yard—and did a sham. Can't forget how he winked up at me when I went over to him, so friendly, not the faintest that I'd push the old iron through him, or he wouldn't have dropped it, looked thunderstruck when I did, well wouldn't anyone?

According to Rhoda Tuck Pook, he did not write the Psalms himself:

> *Memo. DR/Asaph*
>
> Amended draft of Psalm mainly approved, except that abasement overdone. Even in this context one does not grovel. Could you cultivate a more individual idiom? Our resemblance could eventually cause confusion.

As for the affair with Bathsheba, that cropped up all the time; as R. Kennard Davis wrote:

29 Nisan. Issue following announcement through PRO. 'With characteristic concern for the families of officers, His Majesty has accorded the widow of Colonel Uriah a Grace-and-Favour lodging in the Royal Palace . . .'

Shakespeare also ran true to form. He poached, had to marry Anne Hathaway, held horses' heads outside theatres in London, whence, according to T. R. Johnson, 'it so befell that the master of the players, needing a poor-looking man to be shown a-begging among others, did call me in.'

Plainly, Stevenson had no great hopes of the Duke of Wellington as poet; neither, for the most part, had competitors. His Monody on Napoleon was, *a priori*, funny. For Jeremiah Sowerby it began:

Thrice damnèd Upstart, who, from Alien Isle,
Of Corse, didst forge a Road of sinful Fame,
Thou knowest now the People's Leader's Fate;
Life's gone, naught else remains; thou hadst no Name.

Some competitors invoked the playing fields of Eton; others stressed the blunt soldier. 'Things seem damned slow now that the fellow's gone', was the opening line of G. J. Blundell's Monody, and it ended:

Well, exist now, Napoleon the First!
Shame, though, we had to treat him like a felon, a
Scoundrel not fit to trust. Thank God he's burst
At last that damned stone fortress of St Helena.

All mentioned above are highly commended; prizes to be divided between those whose entries are printed below.

From The Journals Of David King Of Israel

14 Sivan

. . . a bony forefinger only an inch or two from my face. 'You are the man', he bawled. I could see the muscles of his neck working violently. Ridiculous and flamboyant, of course: but distinctly humiliating. Indeed, I was so conscious of what the others might think that I hardly heard the rest of his inflammatory speech. Obviously someone has been talking. But he went at last, a slave opening the door for him as for a raving beast.

So ended the 'celebration' for Rabbah! As if there were not already enough unpleasantness, our military hero of course had to improve matters. This Joab is like the rest of his insolent family. He comes up to the throne, debonair as you please, vulgar bracelets rattling. 'Nowadays,' he mutters, 'every lunatic in Jerusalem fancies himself a prophet'—giving me the sort of look one murderer gives another . . .

Ronald Walker

From Shakespeare's Autobiography

. . . and 'twas on my way South from Kirriemuir by way of Glamis that I did chaunce upon a right good idea for a Scottish play, but did put the matter straight out of my mind, and set again to swink at the Holinshed His Lordship gave me. Marry, my poor rhymes will surely come to nothing, and the Lord Bacon is a madman to say otherwise. Yet he is minded on something, and must ha' thought on't right proper. But to pick on a common rhymester the likes o'me, 'zooks that I wot not. And Anne looking so mysterious of late, to boot, and e'en giving a smile when I do swill my cup of sack. 'Tis passing strange that they do treat me thus, and yet do laugh at my verses and say all will be well. And, marry, my verses be such a deal improved by His Lordship, that I scarce know them as my own at all . . .

Geoffrey Parker

From Wellington: Poetical Works

Lines on Declining a Dedication

Pity the man of eminence whose place
Makes him the butt of half the human race,
Who beg his money, autographs and speeches,
And cling to him to suck his time like leeches!
Light ladies threaten to betray in print
Some conduct indiscreet at which they hint;
And he must risk exposure, poison-cramm'd,
By saying boldly: Publish and be damn'd!
But worst of all are literary men,
The shabby pushers of the busy pen.
To be their prey, as Oxford's Chancellor,
Is what, it seems, I was created for:
Ten times a week, with ill-conceal'd impatience,
I must decline their twaddl'd dedications.
No simple soldier, it is here disclos'd,
To authors ever has been so expos'd!

Allan M. Laing

City Lights

The Gold Rush

It would have been funnier if people hadn't been so eager to believe it. The *New York Times* came out a few days ago with the story that America, thanks partly to the machinations of Grandma, was losing gold at a disastrous rate and that everyone in Washington was exceedingly worried about it. The *Times* there, like its counterpart here, is a most respectable newspaper, and its revelations were promptly relayed round the world; the popular British dailies reported them, one as its main news story of the day, as a matter difficult for the layman to understand but of obvious importance. All the old talk about devaluation of the dollar promptly revived. The price of gold shot up and Kaffirs boomed.

Now the funny side of the affair was this. The American gold reserve dropped by a large and sudden $100m. a couple of weeks ago but dropped by only $1m. in the week following: the *New York Times*, however, based its exciting story on the fact that the reserve had dropped by $179m. in two weeks. It may be—one is anxious to make every possible excuse for so respectable a newspaper—that it had been slipped some advance figures by the US Treasury. The general impression, however, seems to be that it got into a muddle between two sets of figures and did a straightforward bit of double counting.

The story, nevertheless, was better than the figures which supported it. A good many Americans of the kind who lie awake at nights muttering about inflation are worried about the steady loss of gold: the excessive claims of organised labour, they fear, are pricing American goods out of the world's markets, the soundness of the economy is being undermined and the dollar is falling under suspicion. It is certainly true that America's competitive strength is not what it used to be in the days when everything was scarce and dollars most of all, and that the gloomy attitude of American bankers has recently persuaded bankers abroad to imitate their own suspicious attitude towards the dollar. But the loss of gold this year has been very much smaller than in 1958. If it jumped two weeks ago and is likely to jump again from time to time over the next few months, it is because countries outside the United States have to accumulate $100m. of gold by the autumn to pay their increased subscriptions to the International Monetary Fund and will naturally tend to do so by selling dollars.

This explanation will not prevent the American bankers from using the gold loss as a new stick with which to whack inflation. A rise in the price of gold, though there are good economic arguments in favour of it, is most unlikely for reasons of prestige. It is much more likely that there will be a tightening-up of monetary policy, an increase in protectionism and a fresh demand for

COMPANY MEETING

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

The 55th Annual General Meeting of the Provincial Insurance Company will be held at Stramongate, Kendal, on Friday, 22 May, at 12 noon. The following are extracts from the statement of the Chairman, Mr Peter F. Scott:

In 1958 the Company continued to expand both at home and overseas, the premium income increasing by £936,000 to £8,705,000. Our underwriting experience, however, was generally less favourable. At home our hard-won profits were more than offset by a loss on our overseas business leaving a total underwriting loss of £84,000.

The short-term outlook is not encouraging. The post-war scramble for business has forced rates down to a point where profit margins are in danger of disappearing altogether, and it will take time for the effects of this excessive competition to wear off and wiser counsels to prevail. Even if a dramatic recovery in Canada enabled us to make a start this year on the long uphill fight to regain the ground lost since 1956, we should still need time in which to consolidate our gains in other countries since 1953; in Southern Africa, where we have opened offices in Port Elizabeth and Salisbury; in Australia, where we have made encouraging headway since we began to operate on our own two years ago; and in Nigeria, where last year we formed a subsidiary company with local capital represented on the board.

To return to events nearer home. In 1958 we found it even harder than in 1956 and 1957 to maintain the tradition of profitable underwriting which has been associated with our fire department for so many years. The mild recession in trade, the curb on hire purchase, and the brake on public investment during the early part of the year, were alone sufficient to make any marked increase in income highly improbable, and the combined effect of these restrictions was magnified by the relentless pressure for lower rates to which all insurers are subject at the present time.

In spite of the continued improvement in employers' liability business, there was a comparable fall in the underwriting profit earned by the home accident department, the reasons for which are not far to seek. Irresponsible competition has pushed rates in many classes of accident business down to uneconomic levels; crime figures have risen notoriously.

It is much the same story with our considerable home motor account where the outlook is not very promising. Again it is a question of rates. Not only is there a very noticeable and natural tendency for third party awards to reflect more fully the diminished value of money, but since 1956—the year before rates were last increased—the cost of our claims for damage to vehicles in the United Kingdom (after adjustment for the increase in the volume of business on the books) has risen substantially.

Part at least of the relatively small increase in our marine income in 1958 was attributable to a certain hardening of rates in some sections of the account, but the tendency is still not sufficiently marked, and has come too late, to save us from the certainty of losses on the underwriting years whose accounts have not yet been closed. It is for this reason that we have decided not to make any transfer to profit and loss account from the marine account this year, even though the profits earned in years prior to 1955 would have warranted our doing so.

Regarding the investment side of our business, our gross interest earnings increased to £621,421 and the directors feel justified in recommending a small increase in dividend on the ordinary shares. It is also satisfactory to report that the appreciation on our investments has been substantial during the past year, their total market value considerably exceeding the book figure.

The continued progress of our investment income has encouraged my Board in an enterprise long cherished by both sides of my family—that of devising a scheme whereby a large number of employees would be enabled to participate in the overall results of the Company's operations through the acquisition of shares on favourable terms. I am glad indeed to announce that, with a first application date in June, an employees' shareholding scheme has been worked out and has been discussed with the Inland Revenue. My Board and I feel this line of development is most appropriate for a company such as the *Provincial* and in keeping with its character and traditions.

cuts in foreign aid. If it seems odd that restrictive economic policies should be encouraged by an increase in IMF quotas designed to make them less necessary, it should be remembered that what goes for America may yet go in a smaller way for Britain. There may be switching out of sterling into gold as well as out of dollars, and the Sterling Area's gold reserve may have to finance the increased gold subscriptions not only of Britain and the Commonwealth but of some European countries as well. It is a pity that they all fall due in the autumn.

There has been a fine storm going on in the teacup of the London foreign exchange market. Until now the market has quoted exchange rates in fractions with an agreed margin between buying and selling rates. Fractions are clumsy and fractional spreads tend to be wide: Continental dealers use decimals and can often quote a finer and more competitive rate. The market therefore decided that dealers should now be free to quote rates on any basis they pleased. It was not a popular decision, since a number of firms expected to lose money by it, yet it was at least to apply only to internal transactions; the public would be quoted exactly the same rates as before. The decision, however, got into the newspapers. People read that rates would now be quoted in decimals with a narrower spread and rang up to get the benefit of them. Dealers explained that they and the newspapers had got it all wrong, and hurt feelings developed. No doubt it will sort itself out in time.

* * *

The Cunard Queens are due for replacement and the company has not got the money to replace them. Subsidies are now the international rage on the transatlantic liner run and Cunard has asked the government for help; the existing Queens were financed with a government loan, and Mr Watkinson seems to have agreed in principle to help out again. But Cunard does not want a loan this time since it would find it difficult to repay it. Nor does it want an operating subsidy, for which it can hardly make a case. It wants a building subsidy to take care of the difference between the £5m apiece which the Queens took to build and the £25m apiece they will take to replace. The implied principle can scarcely be admitted by the government, since it would then have to be extended to other shipowners. Nor, for similar reasons, will it be easy to give a subsidy of this size on any grounds, unless, to Cunard's dismay, it is given on condition that the new Queens are nuclear-powered. What will have to be explained in any case is why the government should contribute money to benefit the shareholders of one company rather than another; if money is to be given away, the government should surely demand shares in exchange for it.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 495. A British Grandmaster

Strictly speaking, Blackburne was the only one ever (yet), unless we were to include Staunton who, had the grandmaster title been in vogue at his time, would have certainly qualified (and quite certainly insisted on such qualification). Just about 35 years ago Joseph Henry Blackburne died, ripe in (82) years and in experience gathered in the 50,000 games he is said to have played in the mere forty years that had passed at the end of the century since he had learned the game at the remarkably late age of 19. He was a big burly man of imposing presence and gentle nature, and almost up to the end he went up and down the country giving simultaneous displays. He was never a slow player, and at Cambridge—so Willy Winter told me—they used to speed up the octogenarian's performance to a remarkable extent by having a refilled glass of whisky waiting for him at each end of the table. Blackburne gained high honours in dozens of international tournaments, such as at Berlin 1881 where he came 1st, 3 points ahead of Zuckertort, Tchigorin and Winawer. But even a quarter of a century later, at Ostend 1907, the 65-year-old master won this dashing game against Perlis.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-Q4, P x P; (3) P-QB3, P-Q4; (4) KP x P, Q x P; (5) P x P, Kt-BQ3; (6) Kt-KB3, B-Kt5; (7) B-K2, Kt-B3; (8) O-O, B-Q3; (9) Kt-B3, Q-KR4; (10) R-K1, O-O; (11) P-KR3, QR-Q1!?! [Old Blackburne as sprightly as ever; the sacrifice may be not quite sound, but it works] (12) P x B, Kt x KtP; (13) B-KKt5? (P-KKt3!), B-R7 ch; (14) K-B1, B-K4!; (15) B-Q3, R x P!; (16) Kt x B (probably best), R-K1!; (17) R-K4, R x R; (18) B x R, QKt x Kt; (19) B-B4, Kt-Kt3!; (20) B-Kt3! (Q-Q7?), Q-R8 ch; (21) K-K2, Q x P; (22) Q-R1?, Q x Q; (23) R x Q; P-KB4; (24) K-B3, Kt(5)-K4 ch!; (25) K-Kt2, P x B; (26) Kt x P, Kt-B2; (27) R-K1, R-K2; (28) P-B3, Kt-Q3; (29) B x Kt, P x B, (30) R-Q1, P-Q4!; (31) Kt-B3, R-Q2; (32) K-B2, Kt-K2; (33) K-K3, P-Q5 ch; (34) K-K4, P x Kt! (35) Resigns.

Here now—Black in a London simultaneous display of 1908—is one of Blackburne's innumerable triumphs over that dear old sucker 'Mr A. N. Other.'

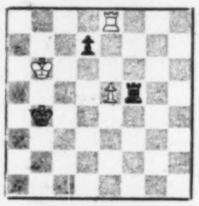
(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) B x P ch [*Some* cheek! And against Blackburne of all people!] K x B; (5) Kt x P ch, Kt x Kt; (6) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; (7) Q x Kt, P-Q3; (8) Q x R [*Bon appetit!*] Q-R5; (9) O-O, Kt-B3; (10) P-QB3, Kt-Kt5; (11) P-KR3, B x P ch; (12) K-R1, B-KB1!; (13) Q x R, Q x P ch; (14) P x Q, B x P mate.

And here—White against Schwarz at Berlin, 1881—is one of Blackburne's most famous games.

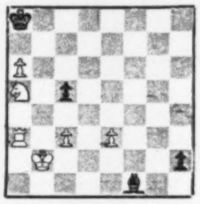
(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P x P, P x P; (5) Kt-B3, B-Q3; (6) B-Q3, P-B3; (7) O-O, O-O; (8) Kt-K2, B-KKt5; (9) Kt-Kt3, Q-B2; (10) B-K3, QKt-Q2; (11) Q-Q2, KR-K1; (12) QR-K1, Kt-K5; (13) Q-B1, QB x Kt; (14) P x B, Kt x Kt; (15) RP x Kt, B x P [Aiming at a perpetual]; (16) K-Kt2!, B-Q3; (17) R-R1, Kt-B1; (18) R-R3, P-KKt3; (19) R(1)-R1, QR-Q1; (20) B-KKt5, R-Q2; (21) P-QB4!, P x P; (22) B x BP, P-KR4; (23) R-R4, P-Kt4; (24) B-Kt3, Kt-K3, (25) B-B6, Kt-B5 ch;

And how now White forced the win in a few moves, may well serve as **A,** the 4-pointer for beginners. **B** is a win and **C** a draw, both very neat studies, and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 May.

B: A. S. Selesniev 1930



C: Leonid Kubbel 1924



REPORT on No. 492, Set 18 April

A: (1) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (2) Q-R6, Kt-R4; (3) Q-Kt7 ch!, KtxQ (4) Kt-R6 mate.

B: (1) B-Q6 ch!, KxB; (2) P-B3! etc.

C: (1) P-B7, K-K2; (2) Kt-K6, KxP; (3) Kt-Kt5 ch, K any; (4) KtxBP, P-B7; (5) Kt-Kt1! etc.

A fairly easy lot and many correct solutions: Prize: E. A. Barclay-Smith, C. H. Brown, L. G. Buxton, S. N. Collings, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

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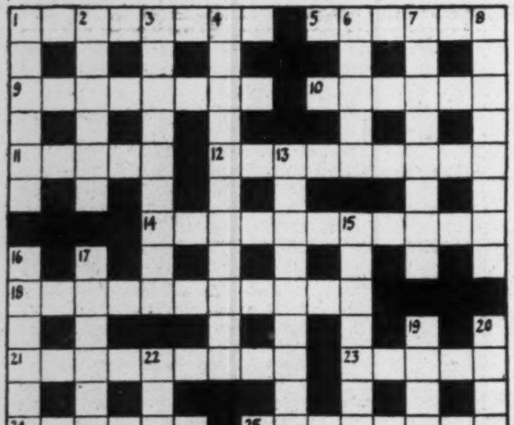
Week-end Crossword 354

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 354, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 19 May.



ACROSS

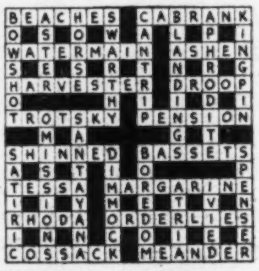
1. Chortles like Hitler's men about someone of a different race (8).
5. 'Make the babbling —— of the air Cry out "Olivia"' (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
9. Leading for a short time in the woods (8).
10. The emperor follows the good playwright (6).
11. Weapon for an artist (5).
12. The story-teller puts a philosopher into a play (9).
14. Shops the measure preserves (11).
18. Dull and potentially ruining spin (11).
21. No angel in translation including Greek but capable of going far (9).
23. Leaflet for those who are sober about the backing of a vehicle (5).
24. One of its inhabitants would do for me to defame (6).
25. Claim the cockney version of a northern town (8).
26. Merriest with hearty expressions of agreement (6).
27. It may introduce a note to inquire about various rites (8).

DOWN

1. Teaching that shows the feminine exists in the total (6).
2. The country exists on the rising of a tragic character (6).
3. An aircraft goes up with experts, but they are cheap ill-made things (9).
4. Booking a place for the game (11).
6. The saint is left out of the prayer for the hunter (5).
7. The female gives birth to animals (8).
8. Increase of proficiency makes public relations a monstrous thing (8).
13. Measures I came across in the chief places (11).
15. If you get the translation of the poet right, this is still not an easy line to follow (9).
16. Sporting arena in which a good shot is followed by the sound of the bell (8).
17. Engage a supporter for the team in a remarkable way (8).
19. Sausage a number of which must be supplied for the battle-field (6).
20. 'Now fades the last long —— of snow' (Tennyson) (6).
22. Rows for misdeeds with the front page missing (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 352



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 352

George Plender (*London SW16*)
Arthur W. Bowyer (*Belfast*)
D. Holden (*Bolton*)

YOU

MR. POLICYHOLDER *have a hand in prosperity*

It's pretty certain that you decided on a life assurance policy for purely personal reasons—because you wanted to save, because you think a bit of capital or some extra income will come in handy when you retire, and because you want to be prepared for any eventuality. You sleep easier thanks to Life Assurance—and you value the feeling of independence it gives you.

Yet, though your reasons for taking out a policy may have been personal, it's worth remembering what an important part Life Assurance plays in helping to keep Britain prosperous. As the nation's most important form of personal saving, it plays a big part in the fight against inflation. And money put into Life Assurance provides finance for the industrial expansion on which our future depends.

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Issued by The Life Offices' Association, London, and Associated Scottish Life Offices, Edinburgh

PERSONAL

HOLIDAY post required, July and August, home/abroad, by lady student teacher (27), previously private secretary. Anything considered. Box 8148.

MOTHER with pre-school child offered home in East Anglia May-August, in retn help house & daughter aged 3. Box 8235.

786 Utterly desperate mother seeks a philanthropist willing make small 2-yr loan, partic. help son 1 yr study prior University. Refs. Box 8110.

HIGHLY qualified teacher Elocution, Speech, Drama (lady) offers 2 lessons & practice period wkly to adult stud. in exch. friendly dom. help, Finchley, N3. Box 8233.

COUPLE wanted share car trip Spain in June; 'phone STA. 7549.

SEAT available in new Minx touring continent 6-24 July. Box 8236.

GIRL seeks car seat for travel to Israel; share expenses. Box 8335.

GERMAN girl student (19) seeks exchange, 25 July to 25 August. Hildegard Schalk, Michael-Gerber-Strasse 17, Neckargemünd, near Heidelberg.

WILL anyone offer room 4 nights midweek to Secretary working Victoria in partial exchange for odd jobbery? Write Box No. 2518, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd, Gateway House, London, EC4.

ITALY. Few places in mixed group going to International Student Centre, Tuscany coast 1-15 August. Box 8256.

SEEKING change? Week's bed-breakfast attractive countryside Scotland, offered handyman exchange odd jobs. Box 7971.

GERMAN student, 18 years, good sportsman (tennis), good knowledge of English, seeks English family with son own age as paying guest or exchange. Southern England preferred. Write to Dr Thannhauser, Königsallee 18, Düsseldorf

YOUNG German girl (student) wishes to spend 3 mths with Engl. family, Aug.-Oct., to learn Engl. Dom. work-children. Write: Gerdis Bitter, Gut Ringels Bruch, Post Elsen 212, Uber Pader-Born, Germany.

TWO artists seek couple with car, travelling continent, share expenses. HAM. 4780.

BUSINESS woman wishes meet another view companionship, sharing comf. home. HENdon 6744 after 7.30.

GIRL, 19, working in Brentwood, would like to hear of group interested in books, music & theatre. Box 8111.

WOMAN doctor, just returned fr. abroad, wd be delighted meet live, intell. companions theatre/concert/outings. Box 8001.

ITALIAN: practice in elementary conversation wanted. Central London. Box 8028.

WANTED, holiday accommodation 2 weeks, 4 or 5 girls, 12 years. Reasonable terms, reas. distance London. Box 8197.

CAR-owners wishing share expenses summer holidays, please write Box 8385.

YOUNG couple with infant req. accom. in/nr S. Lon., exch. services. FOR. 6480.

ROCKING horse, wooden, wanted. Sound mechanical cond. Lon area. BAR. 9656.

WANTED. Dutch Linguaphone course. Mr Broad, CAN. 5533/CIT. 8000 ex. 143.

WELL-appointed furn. flat on farm, 4 beds, 2 miles Bromley, Kent. 13 June-25 July. £12 per week. HUR. 1087.

SPORTSMASTER, 30, driver, own car, sks any vigorous work, land or sea, 4 wks from 25 July; money secondary. Box 8328.

YOUNG man, hobbies music, travel, sks similar for holiday abroad. Box 8332.

WANDERLUST workaway walkaway. Man ready to rough it for long period. Companion (m.) wanted. Box 8333.

JEWISH gentleman 51 seeks companion (m.) motoring holiday Stratford-on-Avon, Scotland 1-16 Aug. Box 8334.

PROF. writer, honours grad., can take more literary assistance work. History, economics, sociology, technical. Rewriting and preparation for publn. Confidential. Box 8339.

SOMETHING to their advantage? Parents seeking imaginative but sound prep. schooling for boys, invited to write Box 7916. Opening planned January, 1960, accessible country area

SUN Campers. Watford/Rickmansworth area. A small camping club with sunbathing facilities invites new members. Quiet, restful, friendly. Storage hut for equipment. No catering. Vacancies for women, couples and some children over 10. Apply Box 8367.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write The Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our surgical goods.

HOMOSEXUALITY calls for understanding, not persecution. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: – The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

WHITSUN Painting, near Oxford; excellent accommodation, personal tuition; beginners welc. Films, lectures, model, another Wyndham & Morgan course. Box 8350.

MSS or ideas wanted for books on specialised subjects. Est. 28 yrs. Oakwood Press, Tandridge Lane, Lingfield, Surrey.

HOLIDAYS for boys & girls 5-15 at Odam Hill Children's Farm, S. Molton, Devon. Full, varied programme & riding. Mrs Falkner, BA.

EN Famille Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. . . . Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special groups visiting our International Host-Family Centres? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illustrated brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W1. (REG. 8866.)

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, Holland Street, W8, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANGham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. for board & lodg. & offering 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

STORIES and Articles invited for immediate submission to editors. 10% commission basis. Unsuitable MSS. are returned with criticism and guidance. Return postage essential. Literary Agency Ltd, 8 Blenheim Street, Mayfair, W1.

CONTINENT. stud. p.g.'s req. gd. hol. acc. Seaside, country; also stud. exchanges wtd. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 2 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 333/34 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Social activities with German students. Ashley College: GER. 8782.

VISAPHONE for Foreign Languages: 9 LP records & 2 bks in case. French & German, 8 gns. Interpret for Foreign Holidays: 3 LP records & 2 bks. French, Spanish, Italian and German. £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS) 10 Bayley St WC1. MUS 7223

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD. Large room overlooking garden. Use of kitchen, complete freedom. Phone SWI. 2402 after 7 p.m.

CANONBURY top-floor s/c. furn. flat; bath, kit./din., bed/sit. Quiet prof. woman prefd. 90s. CAN. 8255.

ATTRACT. s/c. furn. flat, suit 2/3 persons, 7½ gns. Also furn. single room with h. & c.w. & light ckg facs. 3 gns. TUD. 0516.

FURNISHED flat for two, Streatham. Rent free for occasional house-minding. References essential. Box 8195.

FOR flat-sharing try Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUSeum 0512.

EXCELLENT flat, 3 rooms, kitchen, bath, toilet; s/c. Business people preferred. 9 gns. long let. PUTney 7349.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Single bed-sitter to let. Garden, 'phone. SWIss Cottage 3043.

SUNNY room to let Highgate. £3 inc. breakfast. ARC. 3658 or MOU. 3042.

BED/sit. prof. woman, Ealing C'n, all amenities. ACO. 5716 before 9 a.m.

PUTNEY, near Heath, 2 large partly furnished rooms, kitchen, use of bath, £4 p.w. Would let separately. PUTney 1582.

FURNISHED flat, 3rd floor, Holland Park, Kensington. 1 sitting room, balcony, 2 bedrms, frig. Rent 10 gns wk. Box 7638.

2 girls offer 3rd rm to 3rd girl. 3 gns. Use of lnge, 'phone, bath, kit. PRI. 2353.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn Sub., nr bus to tube, 2 new dec. & furn. rms, bedrm, 2 divans, basin, h. & c., bath, new el. stoves, Belling ckr, sit-rm, own tel. ext., use nice gdns. Suit bus. ladies, 2 sharing 84s., 1, 63s. SPE. 8156.

FURNISHED flatlet, bedsitter & kit.-dining rooms, bath, twin divan beds, gas heating & cooking. 70s. BAL. 1682.

HAMPSTEAD. Secretary wishes share her flat with young lady. Own bedroom. 3 gns. inclusive (not food). Phone: HAM. 6788.

PLEAS. newly dec. furn. flat, Finchley. 2 rms, kit. 4 gns. PRI. 6365 evgs/w-ends.

PLEAS. furn. flat to let, 2 rms & kit. Suit married cple. 3 gns. FOR. 0194.

HIGHGATE Village. Attract. room(s): 1 or 2, furn. or unfurn., use hard tennis court and fine garden. MOUntview 6197.

HOLLAND Park. Prof. woman offers bed-sitting room in private flat during school terms. PARk 3696.

TWO-rm furn. flat, suit woman, 2½ gns. with some sitting-in. MOU. 4089.

HAMPSTEAD. Large bed-sit. & k/tte. Use kit., c.h.w. Congenial hsehold. 2 min. Finchley Rd Tube. Rent mod. KIL. 0728.

HAMPSTEAD nr Tube. V. well furn. large single b/sit. room. PRI. 0488.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful s/c. suite, 4½ gns. 'Phone SWIss Cottage 5133.

YNG man offd share flat 25s wkly; gar., central. Amicable type pref. Box 8230.

MUSWELL Hill. Furnished bed-sitter, use of kitchen & bath, telephone. Temporary or permanent. Box 8200.

ATTRACTIVE, large, sunny bed-sitting room; all amenities. 50s. TUD. 8844.

CHEERFUL well furn. bed-sitting room off Finchley Rd, buses outside. Service, linen, 'phone, use of bath & kitchen in well kept flat. Breakfast optional. Hot & cold water. First floor front. Please ring HAM. 2914 or HAM. 0720. Prof. or bus gent only.

HIGHGATE area. Large, cheap, barely furn room. Share kit., bath, tel. with one other. Ladies only, 20-35 pref. Box 8399.

SWISS Cottage. Large pleasant double room, cooking facs. 75s. weekly. PRI. 3414.

HENLY'S Corner, N3. Attractive, furn. top flr flat. Suit 2 or 3. 4½ gns. SPE. 7324.

YOUNG lady required to share large pleasant SW1 flat. Apply Box 8326.

FLATLET, sgle furn. b/s. and kit. Use bath, share phone. Grad. hsehold nr Willesden Green Stn. 52s. 6d. Box 8297.

SCHREIBER'S Continental Guesthouse, 26 Blenheim Gardens, NW2. B. & b., other meals optional. TV, garden, visitors welcome. GLA. 5622.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan rooms, 2 gns. & £2 10s. TUD. 8207.

2 lovely rms, 1 studio-rm, kit. Gdn, gd position. Separate entrances. HAM. 4780.

HIGHGATE. Attract. flat suit 1 or 2 business people. 5 gns. MOU. 3676.

SMALL but charming bed-sitter in Dr's house, fully equipped. CAN. 4554.

FURN. sgle room overlkg garden, h. & c., ckg facs. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

SMALL thatched cott. – modernised, quiet Hants vill. To let furn. May-July. Box 8264.

OVERLKG N. Devon beach: furn. studio slp 4, short hols. Vac. till Aug., 10 gns. wk. S.a.e. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

CORNISH Coast hol. chalet, slps 4, elec. 4 gns. May, Aug. 7 gns. p.w. Box 7424.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

IN house of young people, a large room, share facilities. WIL. 3702.

FURN. accom. 3 mins Highgate Stn. Whole upper floor in small house comprising bed-sittingroom, kit.-dining room, bathroom, w.c. Gas fires, tel. Quiet rd. Suit bus. or prof. lady. £4 weekly (incl. elec.). Box 8284.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG male civil servant requires bed-sitter or small flat. Furnished/unfurnished, willing to decorate. Central London. Scooter. Box 8395.

2 or 3 young women require furn. flat. Reasonable rent. Box 8392.

LIVING accommodation with studio or very large room, anywhere in London. Ring Ken Turner, REGent 6885.

ROYAL College of Art, SW7, requires furnished and unfurnished accommodation for married students before September. Rents £3-£5. Boxroom/studios welcd. KNI. 2441.

NZ couple desperate for s/c. flat or cottage, mx. 5 gns., travelling dist. London. Will gdn, babysit, etc. 34 Piccadilly, W1.

AUSTRALIANS, father and daughter, seek fur. flat, N, NW, or other reas. distance London Univ. 2-3 months. 7 gns. max. Excellent tenants, good refs. Sheils, WA2-9224.

PROFESSOR, wife, 3 children, require 3-bedroom furnished flat/house, Sept.-30 June, ½ hr London Hospital. Details to Daniel, 3944 W. 22nd, Vancouver, Canada.

ENGINEER (Ghanaian), wife (European, expecting), require flat. Government references, monthly advance rent. Box 8219.

TEACHER reqs shortly, Nth Lon. area, self-contained furn. flat for 2. Box 8220.

YOUNG prof. cple want unfurn. 2/3 rms, kit. & bath. Pref. nr Heath or Regent's Pk. Rent in advance? Baby-sitting? Box 8310.

PROFESSIONAL offices, three rooms, approx. 550 sq. ft. Reasonable rent, Holborn, Bloomsbury, Victoria, area. Box 8282.

TEACHER (male) req. unfurn. rooms or flat NW3 area. Would share. Box 8199.

AMERICAN medievalist, wife, 2 tame children, 7 and 11, want furnished country cottage 17 June to 5 August. Within one hour London. A. Z. Freeman, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennyslvania, USA.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CONTEMPORARY HOUSES

SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE

A few houses for the discriminating will be available in this unique position. Delightful outlook over mature gardens.

Three Bedrooms. Two Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio. Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

£5,750/£6,000. 99 years. Low G.R.

Details from Sole Agents:

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115 Baker Street, W1

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CUMBERLAND COURT
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Exclusive Block of Luxury Flats
FOR SALE on 99-year leases.
1 or 2 rooms, kitchen and bathroom.
Fully labour-saving.

£2,100-£4,000.
Low Ground Rents.

Details from Sole Agents,
FOLKARD & HAYWARD,
115, Baker Street, W1.
Welbeck 8181.

PUTNEY. Studio flat, overlooking Thames. Modern, newly decorated. One bedroom, own garden, garage. Lovely view, 99-year lease, £3,950. Mortgage avail. Box 8091.

THAMES-side bungalow, secl. suntrap. Suit writer, 1,200 sq ft. £2,100. ½-acre. T.C. lease. Garage. Nr Chertsey. Box 7810.

ISLE of Skye. For sale an attractive house eleven miles north west of Portree, House contains, two public rooms, 3 bedrooms. kitchenette, bathroom, and usual convenience, electric light, immersion heater, garden ground extends to a quarter of an acre; Feu duty £1, assessed rental £14. For further particulars and arrangements to view apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree. Portree 39.

PROPERTIES WANTED

COTTAGE – isolated – mountain top, cliff edge/middle of moors. Cheap. Box 7977.

LAND WANTED

BUILDING Land wanted urgently, with or without buildings. Peak prices paid. M. V. Raphael, Ltd, 11 Kelvedon Way, Caversham. Phone Reading 71453.

COMPANY MEETING

HAMBROS BANK LIMITED

The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Hambros Bank Limited will be held on Thursday, 28th May, 1959, at the offices of the Bank, 41, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

The following is the Statement of the CHAIRMAN, Mr. R. Olaf Hambro, circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year to March 31st, 1959:—

It has been, generally speaking, my practice in issuing this Statement with the Accounts of the Bank to confine my remarks to explaining the figures and the business in which we are engaged, but it is sometimes necessary to point out, as I did last year, certain political aspects of the situation under which we were somewhat restricted in our activities. I am glad to say that for some months of the year under review we have been restored to freedom and allowed once again to conduct our business in the way we wish. It is also very satisfactory to find that, as a result of wise handling of the national finances, Sterling is again, to all intents and purposes, a free currency. This, I think, has been a factor in the overall increase in our business.

The Balance Sheet shows expansion in nearly every item. The Deposits have increased by over £9,000,000 and the Acceptances by nearly £2,000,000. With regard to the former, the 31st March this year fell on the day after the Easter Bank Holiday and the turnover on that day was exceptionally large and may have accounted for part of the rise, but Deposits during the year have been well above the average of the previous year.

On the other side Cash and Bills of Exchange, well over half of the latter being Treasury Bills, stand at £48,000,000 and, with the Gilt-edged holdings, create a very liquid position. The ratio of Loans and Advances to Deposits is approximately 25 per cent.

The Profit & Loss Account is satisfactory and, as stated in the Report, the Directors propose a final dividend at the same rate as last year.

The cost of the gross dividends for the year is slightly greater this time as the additional capital raised in 1957 was entitled this year to both the interim and final dividends.

Turning now to the subsidiary companies which we have named for the first time, the most important is, of course, Hambros Investment Trust Limited; the value of our investment in that Company has increased during the year by about £1,700,000. Opportunity has again been taken to value very conservatively the unquoted securities. Mocatta & Goldsmid Limited have had a successful year with a largely increased turnover.

We have been interested in the Hire Purchase business for many years and have now taken the opportunity to extend our connections in this field with Western Credit Limited and Belmont Industrial Finance Limited. Mr. J. H. Hambro has been appointed Chairman of Western Credit Limited.

The main and most important business of the Bank remains its commercial credit operations which are largely conducted with Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. For many years we have been financing Norwegian shipbuilding and shipping and, although there is a slight falling off in this business owing to the fall in Freights, all our clients, old and new, continue to prosper. The very old connection which we have had with Italy since the days of Cavour continues to be very active and our connections with the Banks there are spread throughout the country.

In Zurich we have had an interest for many years in the firm of Paul Kern A.G. which keeps us in touch with our Swiss banking friends and with international business in that place. Our business in America, which is engaged in the sale of the British Motor Corporation's cars there, has gone from record to record and the sales during this financial year have exceeded $53,000,000 in value.

Once again, on behalf of myself and all the members of the Board, I would like to express our grateful thanks to the executives and members of the staff for all their loyalty and devotion to the Bank.

R. OLAF HAMBRO,
Chairman.

HAMBROS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 41, Bishopsgate, E.C.2

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS AT 31st MARCH, 1959

LIABILITIES	£	ASSETS	£
Current, Deposit and other accounts	66,625,422	Cash in Hand, at Bankers and at Call	34,754,433
Acceptances	21,631,680	Bills of Exchange	13,475,140
Paid-up Capital	3,500,000	British Government Securities	5,827,187
Reserve	3,500,000	Loans, Advances and other Accounts	16,313,573
		Investments in Subsidiaries	3,255,089
		Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances	21,631,680

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

MOSCOW & LENINGRAD
16 days' inclusive holiday leaving London on 8 August, with KLM day flight to Moscow, & returning by sea from Leningrad, & giving nine full days in the USSR. And the price is unbelievably low—81 gns. only. (Easy terms available.)
Apply now to:
CONTOURS, LTD,
72 Newman Street, London, W1.
Tel. MUSeum 6463.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

Spend a carefree holiday with the Club Mediterranee on CORFU the loveliest of the Ionian Islands. Excursions to Athens, Delphi and the Cyclades, and bivouacs to Paxos, Fano, Erikousa and Matraki.

TRAVEL COUNSELLORS, LTD,

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(entrance in Wrights Lane),
London, W8. Western 1517.

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We have a variety of Whitsun and Spring holidays to offer you both in Britain and on the Continent, including special Alpine Flower tour to Switzerland and inexpensive sunshine holidays in Italy, Spain, Austria and France.

Costs from £9 (Britain), £15 15s. (Continent).

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

LAKE BALATON—HUNGARY
An exciting new holiday paradise.
14 days by rail 33 gns.
16 days by KLM or BEA 54 gns.
(Week-end departures—no high season charges.)
Send NOW for full details to
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(In co-operation with IBUSZ-Hungary.)

BED & Bard 7 days 4-star hotel Stratford & seats for all 5 plays. Any week from 6 Sept. All-in 22 gns. Write now Dept N, Illyrian Tours, 25 Howland St, London, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

EDINBURGH. Club facilities facing castle. International House, 127 Princes St.

SPAIN. Chalets/flats available as holiday-resort on the golden beach nr Barcelona. Holspan, Apartado 758, Barcelona.

ALDERMASTON Offshore Islanders! Join Anti-Nuclear tour: Germany, Baltic, Swed., Norway 11 July 3 wks. S.a.e. Box 7999.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon, WC1. HOL. 1193.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

PS. 'Which of Harold Ingham's 'Summer Schools' represents the best value?' A difficult question to answer but possibly the Art and Architecture Courses in Barcelona with air travel one way, rail travel the other and excursions to Tarragona and Montserrat included for 35 gns. might be the answer. These and many other parties are described in the programme published by Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Rd, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comf. H. & c. all rms. Exc. cuisine. Children welc. Broch. with pleasure.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden; a charming 17th-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills; London 1 hour; comfort, excellent food, h. & c., central htg. throughout. RAC and AA approval. Tel. 2516.

FARM accom. 2 miles Perranporth, reas. Stampas Farm, Rose, Truro, Cornwall.

COMBEMARTIN, Devon. 'Fontenaye' Gsthse. Cl. sea—ex. walk/touring cen.

'TREES', Woody Bay, N. Devon. In beautiful woodlands, 5 mins. walk sea. Excellent food. Every comf. Illus. brochure. Vacs. May, 20 June-18 July and Sept.

PEACE of Connemara. Good spring fishing; salmon, trout & sea. Mountains, glens, lakes, lovely islands off coast, own boat, ponies. Every comfort. Furnished old-world cottage avail. The Anglers Return, Roundstone, Galway Bay. Tel. Ballinafed, Galway, 6.

CORNWALL. The Slipway House, Port Isaac. Centuries-old guest house. Every comfort. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing. Magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring, garage. Terms 6½-8 gns. Phone 264.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HOVE. High-class Food Reform Hotel, Waveney, 42 Brunswick Pl. Tel. 38474.

ISLAND Farm Holiday. For peace and tranquillity away from the crowds, ideal for Naturalists and Bird-watchers. Children of all ages welcomed, friendly atmosphere and good food. Leaflet on request. Boat trips can be arranged for sea trips to the local Islands off west coast of Pembrokeshire by fast diesel launch. Davies, Ramsey Island, St Davids.

COMBE Martin, Devon. 'Summerlands' Guest House, AA listed, offers homely mod. accom. 5 mins sea. Own grown produce. Stamp for broch. E. Bright ('phone 2205).

ARTIST'S 18th Cent. house in cul-de-sac rising off front overlkg Old Town, harbour, fishing boats. Magnif. cliff walks. B. & b. 5 gns., lunch &/or dinner opt. Also avail. Tuition painting, drawing, modelling, pottery ARCA instructors. Beginners, students welcome. East Hill House Hotel, Tackleway, Hastings. S.a.e. Broch. Tel. 5124.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel 508. Write Anne Coupe.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley, 7-8 gns. A few vacs Whitsun 25s. daily. 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. Vacs. Whit. 9 gns. early July, early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

BLACK Mountains. Tudor farmhse, peaceful hol., glorious Border cntry. Box 7939.

CHARMING cottage on Cumberland Fells. Peace, mod. comf., good food. Box 7593.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. A superb holiday. Brochure with pleasure (s.a.e. please) from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists, 100 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

SUSSEX. 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. (Herne Bay 750). For your summer hol, Accom becoming very ltd. Excursions by Microbus

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 5 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. English spoken. Recently modernised. Cent. htg., c.h.w., bath. Moderate terms. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste Genevieve, Paris V.

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation in private apartment near Colosseum. Room and breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

NEW hotel opening 1 July, Blanes, has vacancies July-Sept. Full board, 150 pts./day. Spanish Holiday Agency, Blanes (Gerona), Spain.

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study; good cuisine, recomm.

FLORENCE, family pension. Central; good Italian cooking, very mod. prices. Write Ichino, Piazza Pitta 14, Firenze, Italy.

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LONDON Typewriting office req. lady working partner. Small capital. Box 8276.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Chief Education Officer:
Dr F. Lincoln Ralphs, M.Sc., LL.B.

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (men or women) for the following posts:—

Based on the County Technical College, King's Lynn, but with extra-mural responsibilities. Salary in accordance with Grade A of Burnham Scale.

String Class Teacher

Based on Norwich and for employment in Schools and Further Education classes of the Norfolk Education Committee. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Qualified Assistant Teachers.

Peripatetic String Class Teacher (required for September, 1959).

Peripatetic Teacher of the 'Cello.

For all three posts, mileage and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with the appropriate scale as approved by the Norfolk County Council.

Application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Road, Norwich, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and should be returned as soon as possible.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Studies, at a salary on the scale £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £100 – £1,650 for a Lecturer and within the range £700 – £850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 1 June, 1959.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential: industrial background an additional qualification. Further particulars may be obtained before 25 May from Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC, 23-28, Great Russell Street, WC1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. New Primary School for Blind Children with additional handicaps, Rushton Hall, nr Kettering, Northants. Applications are invited from qualified teachers (men or women) for appointment as resident Head of this new school being opened by the RNIB in April 1960 (with the approval of the Ministry of Education). It will provide education for 45 blind children with additional handicaps from 8-12 years approx. It is hoped to appoint by September, the successful candidate to take up duties early in 1960. Applicants must have had previous exp. in residential schools for handicapped children, not necessarily blind. Salary on Burnham scale (Special Schools: Group IIIS) plus generous accommodation and full residential emoluments. Particulars and form for completion and return by 1 June from Secretary-General, RNIB (Ref. EO), 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

PUBLIC Record Office: Assistant Keeper. Pensionable post for man or woman at least 21 and under 26 on 1 April 1959 (with extension for Forces service and Overseas Civil Service). Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree in Classics, Law, or History, with good knowledge of Latin and French. Final year students may apply. Men's salary (London) £655 – £930. Starting pay may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 138/59. Closing date 20 May 1959.

BBC requires General Programme Producer in Bangor. Duties include preparation and production of programmes of varying types both inside studios and outside. Necessary qualifications are good general education, thorough knowledge of Welsh, close familiarity with North Wales in particular and with Welsh affairs in general, and good microphone voice. Enterprise and initiative in formulating programme ideas and in exploiting programme resources of the area are important. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1106 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SECRETARY 23/25 for head of dept in Advertising firm. Salary to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

Applications invited from

YOUNG WOMEN GRADUATES

Three lecturers: English, Geography, Mathematics, for September. St. Mary's R.C. College, Fenham, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4. Pelham Scale, non-residential. Only short school experience necessary. Applications to the Principal.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

West Midland District

Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Staff Tutor in Trade Union Studies. Salary £650-£1,200. Details and application forms (s.a.e.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, District Secretary, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth

(Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education)

The above language centre for adult Continental students requires a few additional Teachers/Lecturers for its summer courses between 30 June/14 July and 29 August 1959

Only male applicants will be considered for these positions, which involve 12/24 hours' teaching a week. Assistance is offered in securing accommodation in Bournemouth, and interviews will take place during May. Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state briefly the qualifications and relevant experience of the candidate, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above.

If you can turn his muttered hesitations
To phrases that would win fair words from Fowler;
Provide oiled runways for his P.* Relations;
Explain away his most stupendous howler
. . . then, if your shorthand and typing are also good, you obviously qualify for our Order of Heroic Secretaries, which we shall be delighted to award you when you call, together with a choice of excellent jobs at exceptional salaries.

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3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2;
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HAMPSTEAD SECRETARY

The Sales Manager of a firm of Motor Distributors requires a skilled and experienced Secretary aged 24 upwards at a salary of not less than £11 per week.

Written applications in confidence to

SENIOR STAFF CONSULTANTS LTD.,
174 New Bond Street,
London, W1,
who are advising on the appointment.

BBC requires dictation typists for its French Service. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in French and working knowledge of English required. Salary in range £8 19s. to £10 18s., according to qualifications and experience. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within a week, quoting reference SC.1047 N. Stm. Enclose addressed envelope for notification of result.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above position. The appointee will be required to lecture on methods of teaching History and on History of Education. Honours degree in History and secondary school teaching experience essential. The successful applicant will have an opportunity of carrying out research under Professor F. J. Schonell. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 June, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Assistant Lecturer in Law. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Law, additional to the existing Lectureship in the Department of Economics and Social Science. Initial salary within the scale £700-£850 per annum with FSSU and family allowances. Applications not later than 25 May to the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, from whom further partics obtainable.

THE University of Leeds. Appointments Board. Applications are invited from graduates for appointment as an Assistant Secretary to the Appointments Board on the salary scale £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75 – £1,650 a year. The initial salary will be between £900 and £1,350 according to qualifications and experience. The person appointed will be concerned with students and graduates in arts and non-technical subjects, and experience of work in a field in which arts graduates are employed will be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 23 May, 1959.

CAMBRIDGE Education Committee, The Village College, Linton. Applications are invited for the post of tutor for further education at the Village College, Linton. The person appointed will be expected to begin duty on 1 January, 1960, but the appointment could be advanced to 1 September, 1959. The tutor will be responsible to the Warden of the Village College for the organisation of further education throughout the area served by the College, and will also undertake some teaching duties in the Secondary Modern School. Salary according to Burnham scale for Grade B assistant in establishments for further education. Unfurnished accommodation available. Forms of application which should be returned by 19 May, 1959, and further particulars, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Area Youth Organiser. Applications are invited for the appointment of Area Youth Organiser for the Taunton and Wellington Area. Salary in accordance with Soulbury Scale (Youth Service Officers, Grade I). Candidates should have had successful experience of work amongst young people and have organising and administrative ability. Canvassing will disqualify. Application forms (returnable by 23 May 1959) and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

HOME Civil Service: Administrative Class. 10 posts of Principal for men at least 35 and under 52 on 1.8.59 with regular service in HM Forces or HM Overseas Civil Service ending between 1.8.57 and 31.7.60. Short written examination, administrative tests and interview. Salary (London) £1,500-£2,120. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application forms, quoting 553/59/9. Closing date 30 May, 1959.

CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer shortly becoming available to be based on area children's offices in the County of London, and deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. As children under supervision are placed in wide area in and around London, a considerable amount of travelling is involved, and ability to drive is highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available, case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer.

Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qualification an advantage. Commencing salary within range £630-£927 10s. according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions, £815-£1,140. Application forms and further details from

Children's Officer, (CH/EI/892), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Barnsbury Secondary (G.) School, Barnsbury Park, London, N1. Headmistress required in September, if possible, for this secondary school for about 1,100 girls. Burnham Group XVII (based on an average unit total of 1,927 for 1956/58). Courses provided in nedlework, commercial subjects, housecraft and craft as well as courses leading to GCE (O and A level). Forms TS.10 from (s.a.e. f'scap) and returnable to Education Officer (TS.10), County Hall, London, SE1. (Candidates who have completed form TS.10 within the last year and have nothing to alter may complete form TS.10B.) Previous applications will be re-considered. Closing date 16 May 1959.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for six sessions a week at Anerley School, Versailles Road, SE20; a short-term school for purposes of classification of maladjusted children for long-term placing in Council's boarding schools and other establishments. In co-operation with other members of the staff of the school, duties will include diagnosis, liaison with clinics and schools, and may include remedial teaching. Qualifications required: Degree in Psychology, clinical training and teaching experience. Fee £2 12s. 6d. a session of three hours. Application by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/T), County Hall, London, SE1, by 19.5.59 (1012).

LCC requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Deptford. Energy and ability to manage staff essential. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar social service desirable. £560 × £35 – £700. Pensionable. Promotion prospects. Apply Divisional Medical Officer, St Paul's House, Deptford High Street, SE8, by 24 May. (879.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (woman), initially at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. PTA quals. Salary £610—845, plus London Weighting. Established. Prescribed conditions. Appl. forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Rd, Ealing, W5, returnable by 15 June. (Quote Z.540, NS & N.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, initially in East Division, Tottenham. Good office accom. & clerical assistance available. Position offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Seven psychiatric social workers are at present engaged in service, one of whom is already working in East Division. PTA quals. & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Full particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 30 May. (Quote Z568, NS.)

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Child Care Officers; salary scale £765—£880 (APTD II), Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with special experience in the child care field. Consideration will be given to candidates at present training and not available until the autumn. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, Holly House, 220-224 London Road, Chelmsford, by 18 May, 1959.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Psychotherapist. Vacancy for a Psychotherapist (male or female) in the Child Guidance Service, to serve mainly at the County Council's new Clinic in Derby. The Officer appointed will act under the direction of the County Medical Officer of Health and under the supervision of the Consultant Children's Psychiatrist; the duties will include carrying out psychotherapeutic treatment of children and others as required. (The Officer will be a member of a 'team' which also includes Educational Psychologists and a Psychiatric Social Worker). Candidates should possess a Degree in Psychology or its equivalent. (A 'personal analysis' and experience with children will be an advantage). Salary – Grade I or II (according to qualifications and experience) of the 'Soulbury' Scales for Educational Psychologists, namely, for men: – £997 10s. p.a. or £1,207 10s. p.a., or £1,207 10s. – £1,470 p.a.; for women: – £970 11s. 6d. – £1,207 10s. p.a., or £1,168 10s. – £1,470 p.a. Superannuation (medical examination). Canvassing disqualifies. Full particulars and application forms from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer of Health, County Offices, Matlock.

STATISTICIAN (Assistant Planning Officer (Research)) – APT Special Grade (£750-£1,030) for County Borough of Southampton, Borough Architect's Department. Duties: Research; Compilation of planning statistics; Direction of survey work on population, employment, etc., in connection with review of Development Plan. Qualifications: University Degree in economics or other appropriate subject, with special reference to statistics. Commencing salary according to experience. Candidates should state housing requirements. Application Forms from the Borough Architect, Civic Centre, Southampton, returnable by 25 May 1959.

VERBATIM Reporter London (m), young but fully qualified. Technical reporting & journalistic experience an advtge. Box 8283.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Hatfield Technical College. Principal: Dr W. A. J. Chapman, MS.(Eng.). Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Commerce, Social and Professional Studies to begin on 1 September 1959. Applicants should have a good honours degree, thorough experience of teaching and preferably some experience of industry, administration or social work. Salary on the Lecturer Scale £1,260–£1,417 p.a. Details from Registrar, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Educational Psychologists (2), full-time (Soulbury II scale) required for the Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service and associated school psychological services. Candidates must possess honours degree in psychology or its equivalent with appropriate clinical training. Training and experience in teaching desirable. The Service offers an unusually wide and varied experience with children from infancy to late adolescence. Clinic may be visited by appointment and further information can be obtained from the Senior Psychologist. Applications, stating age and giving details of training, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts, by 12 June 1959.

CITY of Plymouth. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the appointment of Senior Child Care Officer on grade APT II (at present £725-£845 p.a.). This is a new post and the officer appointed will be responsible for the supervision of the work of the Child Care Officers and the adoption placing duties under The Adoption Act, 1958, which the Council has decided to undertake. Forms of application may be obtained from The Children's Officer (3), Municipal Offices, Lockyer Street, Plymouth, to whom they should be returned within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

CITY of Birmingham, Public Health Department, Mental Health Service. A vacancy exists for a Social Worker in the above service. Salary Scale APT Grade I (at present £595 to £745 per annum). This is an active and expanding Department, and the person appointed will work part-time in the community and part-time in a City Mental Hospital. Medical examination, pension scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Congreve Street, Birmingham 3. Closing date of application 16 May, 1959.

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of Occupational Therapist at this Mental Hospital. Candidates must hold the diploma (dual qualification) of the Association of Occupational Therapists. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. If required, accommodation is available at a reasonable charge. Applications to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible, giving the names of two referees.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Enquiries to Mrs C. Templer, CUNningham 5172. Applications to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and applic. forms from: Secy, Probation Advisory and Training Board (4b), Home Office, Princetown House, 271/277 High Holborn, WC1.

MATHS and Elementary Science Master for a Preparatory School that is different. Situated in very beautiful park in Sussex. Games and out-of-school activities desirable. Married quarters available. Apply, giving full particulars to Box 8378.

DEPUTY Warden required for an experimental Home in Surrey, started seven years ago by the London Police Court Mission, for thirty-five boys on probation between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. Applicant must be single, of good education, and preferably with Social Science or Youth Leader qualifications. Salary by arrangement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Commencing point will be not less than £550 p.a. with deduction of £116 p.a. for board and accommodation. Local Government Superannuation Scheme applies. Write with names and addresses of three referees, to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, SW1.

STATISTICIAN required by Associated Television Ltd for training as sales research executive. Applicants should be between 23 and 27 years of age, have a university degree and some commercial experience, preferably in advertising or market research. Good salary and prospects. Write, giving full personal details, to Personnel Manager, Associated Television Ltd, Television House, Kingsway, WC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Research Officer to assist in the development and operation of the Foundation's Test Services. Candidates should be graduates with preferably an Honours degree in English, and with some teaching experience in secondary schools. An academic qualification in psychology or education will be expected, and some knowledge of the methods used in the construction of ability and attainment tests will be an advantage. The person appointed will be encouraged to read for a higher degree. Salary £750×£50–£850. Particulars and application forms from the Director (S), NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

CANADA: Caseworkers (trained social workers) with experience in child care field required for posts with the Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto. Details from SOSBW, 43 Parliament Street, London, SW1.

PUBLIC-spirited and energetic man or woman with business or organisational experience reqd as Organiser for National Charity enjoying support of all denominations. Also pt-time local opportunities in most areas. Interesting and satisfying work. Further information sent to all suitable enquirers. Write age, experience, remuneration etc. to Box 8295.

NATIONAL Charity has vacancy for woman Administrative Assistant. Salary range £500 to £700. Shorthand/Typing and ability to take minutes. Office hours 9.30 to 5 p.m., five-day week. Box 8250.

MORE than competent secretary wanted for theatre manager. Not much money, but the job is varied and interesting. Write (no phone calls please) to the Manager, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College of Residential Adult Education, Dalkeith, Midlothian. Staff Tutor in History with English Literature or International Relations, or Government, to take up appointment 1 October 1959. Salary £650 by £50 to £1,350, a point of entry according to qualifications and experience. Forms of application which should be returned not later than 18 May may be obtained from T. M. Jinkins, WS, Clerk to the Governors, 20 Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2, who can also provide further details about the appointment.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, nr Banbury, Oxon. A qualified male teacher is required in September at this independent, special school for maladjusted boys aged 11-16 years, and of average intelligence. House available. Full particulars from the Principal.

IBSTOCK Place School, Clarence Lane, Roehampton, SW15. An interesting resident post is available for someone to take main charge of the out-of-school activities of the boarders at this Co-educational Preparatory School. (Duties include three mornings' assistance to resident matrons). Some experience with children essential. Equiries to the Headmistress at the school.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

PHYSICS. Graduate Woman Tutor reqd for part-time work, London, W1. Box 7957.

MADRID—Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, requires for Sept./Oct. 1959, teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish. Minimum age 25; teaching experience essential.

BUCKS, nr Aylesbury. Part-time tutor required for intelligent but unusual 5-year-old boy. Box 8368.

CANADA. English family moving permanently to Vancouver next July requires mother's help. Four children aged 11, 9, 6 and 3 years. Write with refs to Box 8325.

DOCTOR in Sth Lancs industrial town urgently wants working housekeeper. Widower w. 3 chldn away at schl. Box 8379.

YOUNG lady required as commission agent to promote sale of interesting educational book for children, and then to take charge of company at fixed salary. London. Box 8329.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists. Few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, part-time (mornings only), for literary dept of this journal. Typing & records. Write Manager, 10 Great Turnstile.

ASSOCIATION requires part-time male Secretary for prestige purposes, mainly for interviewing work. Would suit Arts graduate interested in music, available for 2 or 3 mornings wkly & resident London. Box 8285.

PART-time typist-clerk wanted for cultural organisation in central London. Some hours each day (no Saturdays). Interesting, varied work. Salary and hours by arrangement. Box 8292.

TRANSLATOR/shorthand-typist, bilingual French/English, required. Commencing salary £11 6s. per week. Write Miners' International Federation, 75, Blackfriars Road, London, SE1.

WEST End Travel Agency reqs responsible secretary to help in organising European coach tours. Good shorthand/typing and minimum 2 years' experience essential. Age 21-25. Write fully, stating salary reqd, to Box 8354.

DUTTONS Secretarial Service, Ltd, require first-class Home Typists, capable of dealing with difficult work and University Theses. Tel. Mrs Beechwood for interview, MUS. 7379.

TOP Secretaries Top Posts. Call/write. St Paul's Agency, 35 Copthall Ave., EC2.

TWO girls wanted to assist at Whitsun; also cook for summer season. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

AT Any Age nothing is so important as the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017. Cambridge centre – 14 King's Parade, Cambridge. Tel. 54808.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

UNIVERSITY woman, extensive experience housing, planning, social service, administration, research, public relations, organising, sks appt making use of some or all of quals.; adaptable; expd. driver. Box 8165.

ACCOUNTANT/Office Manager, good organiser, sales and publicity experience, requires worthwhile post. Box 7848.

EDUCATED man, single, wants quiet post, intellectual or otherwise. Manual skills, driving, cooking, painting, gardening, secretarial or caretaking. Remoteness not refused. Box 8337.

STUDENT seeks post, nanny, governess. Spain summer 1959. Box 8218.

LABAN Movement, qualified and experienced teacher requires visiting post in or near London, September. Also vacancies for private pupils. Box 8321.

VERBATIM shorthand-writers. Duplicatg, typg, transltg. Mabel Eyles (ENT. 3324).

NOT interested in 'U' type work or job; personable but I can bake a cake, have knowledge of household management, can drive a car erratically, woman of course. Social work and long hours welcomed. Box 8377.

FELLOWSHIPS

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Pacific Studies. Research Fellowships in Anthropology and Sociology. Applications are invited for two Research Fellowships in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology. The Research Fellows will be required to carry out and assist in the supervision of research in social anthropology and sociology amongst primitive and advanced peoples in Australia and neighbouring parts of the world. The salary range is £A1,398-2,113 with increments of £A65 per annum; initial salary will depend on experience and qualifications. Appointments are for three years with possible extensions to a maximum of five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern and allowances are made for removal expenses. Assistance with housing in Canberra is provided. Reasonable field work expenses are met. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 June 1959.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Stopford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140 for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature, including Mediæval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 1 June 1959.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
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U.S.A. $9 (surface), $19 (air)
NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of not less than £120 in the case of a full-time student and not less than £60 in the case of a part-time student, tenable for one year in the first instance. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 24 May 1959.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of May 'Plebs': 'The Coal Crisis – What Should be Done?', an interview article between Graham Horsman and J. R. A. Machen, President of the Yorkshire Miners; 'The Rise of the American Salaried Middle Class', by Peter F. Drucker; 'Working Class Education', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Bare Backs and Scented Dogs', by Andrew Boyd; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'New Books', 'Pars from the Press', 'Plebs Forum', 'News of the Movement'. 'Plebs' is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MAY 'Labour Monthly'. R. P. Dutt, 'Honour to Whom Honour'; O. H. Parsons, 'Trade Unions Under Fire'; H. Dickinson, 'Lancashire Fights Back'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

S/HAND bks on Socialism, etc. Free list from Sanders, 59 Stanhope Gdns, N4.

RUSSIAN on an English typewriter? Yes, it can be done, and Professor V. Shibayev tells you how in The Linguist. Send 1s. 6d. for a copy of the May issue to: The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1.

BOOKS bought. Top prices paid for current review copies. West End Supplies, 8 New Row, WC2. COV. 2251.

FOR Sale. Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1955 edition. 50 gns. Perfect condition. WAX. 6444 (evenings). Box 8286.

EXCITING experiment in Jamaica, will raise living standards, etc. See Land & Liberty, free from 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism: we buy books, pamphlets, journals: any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS bought: Secondhand bookshop recently opened, Wimbledon Common, needs stock. Van collects. Apply Lloyd, 64, High St, Wimbledon Common, SW19. WIM. 6723.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

SCHOOLS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire, offers a few vacancies for 10-11 year-old boys in September 1959. Those taking the Junior entry tests held in June are not expected to have started Latin and French, but a good general standard is required. For details apply The Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
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THE ROYAL BALLET

11 & 13 May at 7.30	Les Patineurs, Giselle
16 May at 2.15	Les Rendezvous, La Fête Etrange, The Firebird

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

12 May at 7.30	Last perf. of The Magic Flute
15 May at 6.0	Parsifal (in German)
16 May at 7.0	Aida (in Italian)

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

12 May for two weeks only
Evgs 7.30. Mats. Sats. 2.30

Return visit with new programme after last season's outstanding success.

SUSANA AND JOSE
Famous Spanish Dancers

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fr. 8, St., Sn. 5 & 8. Mary Ellis in 'Dark Halo'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 3rd wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems., ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Com. 14 May & subs. 7.30, 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennessee Williams.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Last perfs. tdy 5 & 8. 'The Dutch Courtesan'.

TOWER, 7.30, 7, 8, 9 May: 'The Birthday Party'. 22, 23 (mems. 24), 28, 29, 30 May: 'The Wedding' & 'Miss Julie'. – CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Last perfs 'God Bless the Guv'nor' Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY 10 May, at 7.30 p.m., at Morley College: Joint Recital by Hanna Glucksmann (soprano), Maurice Meyer (violin). Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Hindemith, Bloch, Handel.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 11 May, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Mon. 11 May). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Clair and Jennings. Until 10 May: 'Les Belles de Nuit' (U), 'Family Portrait' (U), 'Words for Battle' (U). From 11 May: 'Sous les Toits de Paris' (A), 'Listen to Britain' (U).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c. 10 May, Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, 'Battle Cry' (A). Antonella Lualdi, 'Young Girls Beware' (X).

THE London Majlis. Tagore's Dance Drama 'Festival of Seasons' (commentary in English), Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, at 6.50 p.m. on 15 May. Chief guest: H.E. Madame Pandit. Tickets: 31A John Adam Street, WC2. (6-8.30 p.m.)

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday, 9 May, 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions over 100 titles from pictures in public & private collections. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from & showroom at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The Developing Process.' New possibilities in art teaching. Until 30 May. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon – Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Eighth Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture by Kensington Artists. 12 May to 6 June 1959. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Saturdays to 5 p.m.). Admission Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork Street, W1, REGent 1719. Hilton, Frost, Wynter, Heron; 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings and Gouaches. To 6 June, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings and Stained Glass by Tryggvadottir. 7-23 May, Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. except Sunday.

RON Saxby's 'Hungarian Revolution' and other work on view at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3. HAM. 2218. Weekdays (ex. Thurs.) until 30 May, 9.30 to 5.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. The Ivon Hitchens Exhibition and Water-Colours of Skomer Island by Ray Howard-Jones. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Rodin: Bronzes and Drawings. Closing 16 May.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Don Cammell: First one man show.

POLISH Graphic Art: 1880-1940. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W1. Mondays – Fridays 10-6 (Thurs. till -8).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

ST George's Gallery. Anthony Harrison. The Formenterra Suite. Aquatints & Associated Gouaches, 28 April-30 May. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

REYNOLDS Stone: Engravings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last Day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Odilon Redon.)

ODILON Redon: Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Reynolds Stone.)

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 11-30 May, Paintings – Walter Ruhman. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-5. Sundays 2-5. Open Whit-Monday 2-5.

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, NW1. 'Myth & Fantasy', paintings by Harry Gordon. 11-30 May.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club

'AFRICA AFTER ACCRA': REV. MICHAEL SCOTT AND M. KIBAKI.

The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 11 May, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

Because the PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE is for socialism and not for anyone's private profit will four skilled carpenter-volunteers help in further improving the Partisan? Write: ULR, Bernard, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Thanks.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri., 15 May, Dr A. N. Oppenheim, 'Influence of TV', 5.45, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Adm. 9d., mems free (School students only).

LONDON – ALP Club Monthly Meeting, Sun. 10 May, 3.30 p.m. Colin Clark: 'Australia and International Trade', Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. All welcome.

2 more big Fabian meetings in East London. Tuesday 12 May: John Stonehouse, 'Nyasaland – What next?' Monday 25 May: E. R. Braithwaite, brilliant author, 'To Sir, With Love'. Both at Toynbee Hall, E1, 8 p.m. Details: E. Moonman, Toynbee Hall. BIS. 9365.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Merlyn Rees, 'The Electorate'. Wed., 13 May, 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 8 May, 8 p.m. Miss K. Hunter Blair: 'Alexander Blok'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 12 May, 8 p.m., Rev. Kornily Fristedt: 'Dostoevsky and Staretz of Optima Amvrosei' (in Russian).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz.' A survey of modern Jazz orchestrations by Alun Morgan, Wednesday, 13 May, 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

NEW Jewish Society – Debate with Charter Society. 36 Hallam St, W1. 8 p.m. Wednesday, 13 May.

AVRO Manhattan, 'Study in Fanaticism', 59 Society, Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, Thurs. 14 May, 7.30. Adm. 1s.

VITTORIO de Sica at National Film Theatre, SE1, Sunday, 10 May 'The Visual Persuaders'. Book now, tel. WAT. 3232.

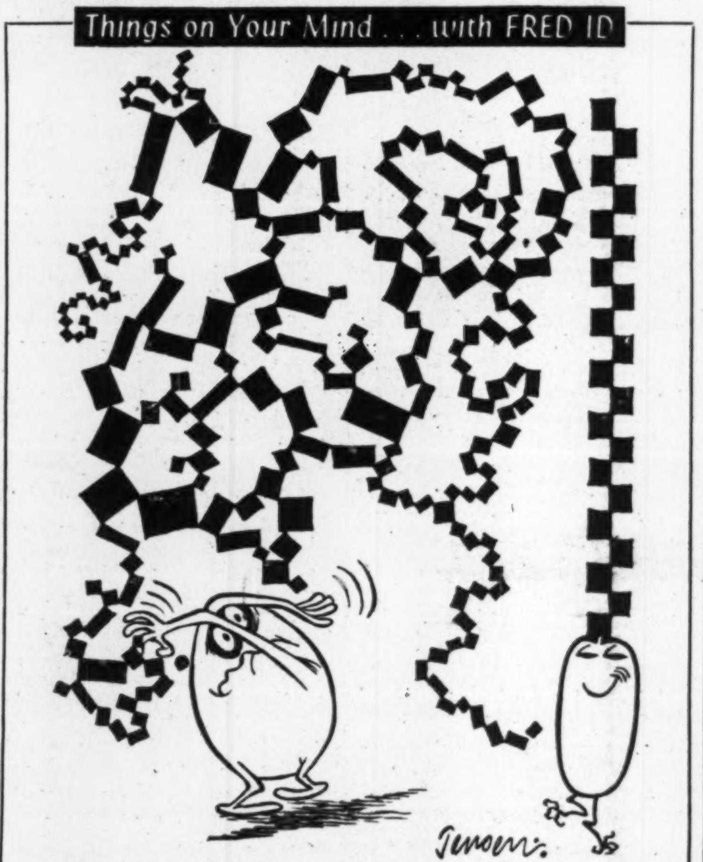
TWO Case Histories compared by Oscar Kollerström, Thursday, 14 May, 8.15 p.m., Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 10 May. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Swami Avyaktananda, Christian Community.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 10 May, 6.30. Music & Rdgs. 7 p.m. Mass Culture: H. J. Blackham.

IIWC London Branch. Fri. 15 May, 8.30 p.m. 'The Qur'an', Mr Omar H. Austin. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 10 May, 8 p.m. 'On the Theosophical Movement'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).


Things on Your Mind . . . with FRED ID

6. Things tend to get out of hand occasionally.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 13 May, 6.30: 'The Flame and the Light', Raghavan Iyer, MA. Also Study Classes: Tue. 12 May, 6.30, Theravada (M. O'C. Walshe), Fri. 15 May, 6.30 Mahayana (Dr P. S. Jaini), and Saturday Group on 16 May, 3 p.m. (readings, discussion and tea – open to all), all at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 10 May. Dr C. Bibby, MA, 'The Individual in a Conformist World.' Write for free 'Record'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CHINA'S Tenth Year, The Communes, Tibet. Week-end School. Sat.-Sun., 30-31 May, Treetops, Surrey. Four speakers who spent most of 1958 in Peking and travelling in China: Mr & Mrs G. C. T. Giles; Dr & Mrs J. Chinnery. Films, tennis, walks. Write to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive Secretarial crses – small groups – remarkable results. Also attractive language Courses & English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LUNCH-Time Language Courses in French, German, Spanish & Russian 12-2 p.m. Direct method. Small groups. St Giles' School of Languages, 64-66 Oxford Street, London, W1. MUS. 4574.

SHORTHAND Typing tuition by examiner. Students visited. WILlesden 0588.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PORTOBELLO Painting School. Life classes, still-life, landscape, abstract composition and imaginative painting. Apply: Jan Wieliczko, 28 Colville Terr., W11. BAY. 3713.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

RESIDENTIAL Courses: How To Enjoy Opera. Lectures in appreciation, with gramophone recordings, by Else Mayer-Lismann – 17/19 July. Fee £3 3s. Reading (Personal Choice) – 8/15 August. Fee £8 8s. Exploring Dorset, Daily visits and talks – 17/24 August. Fee £10 10s. Held in the Somerset Education Committee's beautiful College for Adult Education. Details from the Assistant Secretary, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

GERMANY. Summer School in beautiful mountain centre, Bergneustadt, 5-19 Sept. £37 including fare. Dets. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Join an interesting House Party in Britain (Cornwall, Sussex, Norfolk) or on the Continent (Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Sweden) and spend a stimulating holiday in pleasant company. Facilities for Foreign Language practice, Sketching, Painting and Photography. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd, London SW7. KEN. 0911/8881.

'HUMAN Relations' (Jun. 12) begins series of summer schools at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send postcard for full list.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept, 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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